

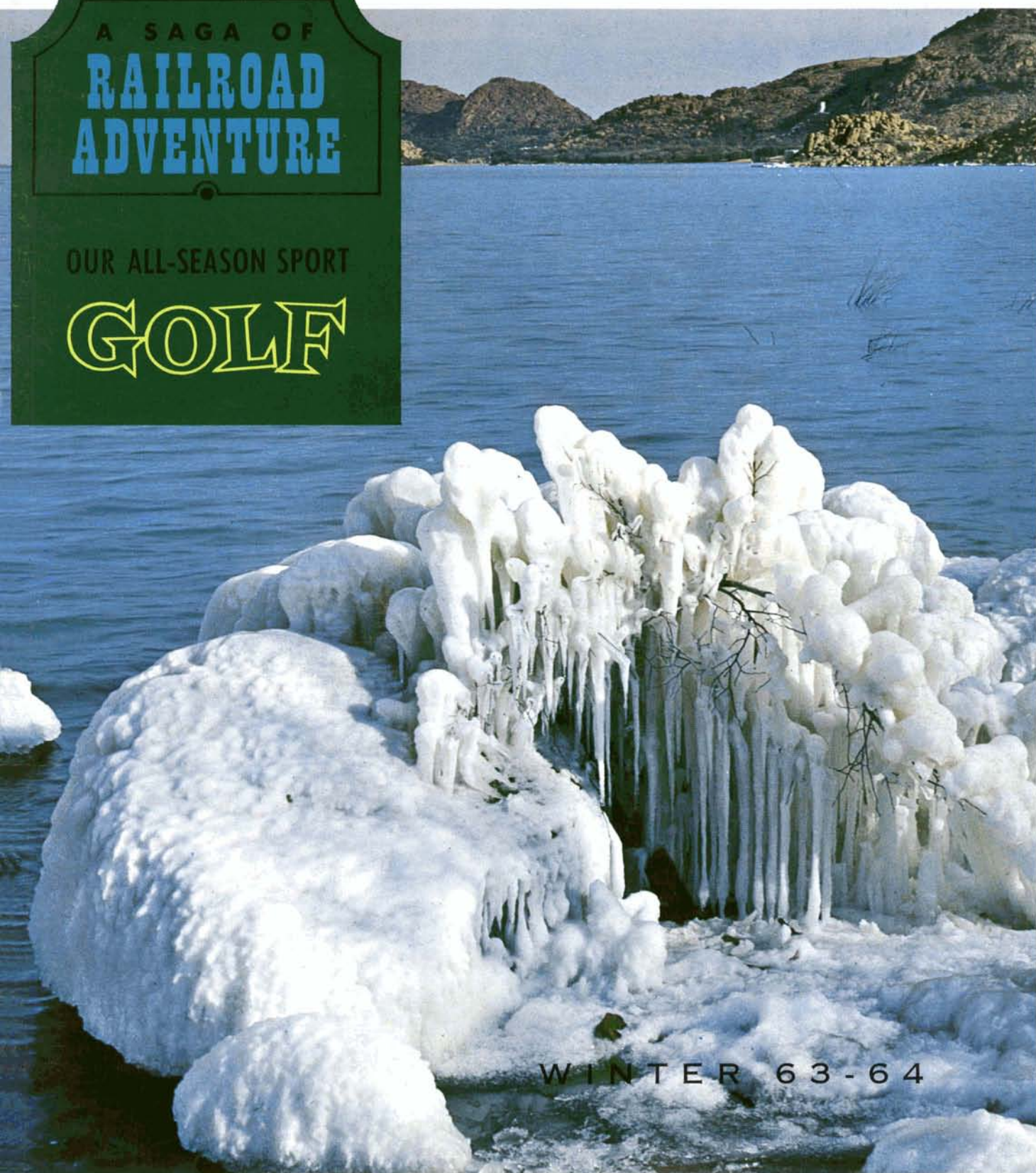
OKLAHOMA TODAY

FIFTY CENTS

A SAGA OF
**RAILROAD
ADVENTURE**

OUR ALL-SEASON SPORT

GOLF



WINTER 63-64

OKLAHOMA TODAY



HON. HENRY BELLMON
GOVERNOR, STATE OF OKLAHOMA

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WINTER 1963-64

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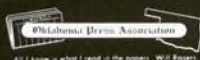
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CIRCULATION AND PROMOTION

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All I know is what I read in the papers. Will Rogers

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THE FOUR

THE SAGA of the railroad in America has a cast of heroic men in real life adventures of epic proportions. Casey Jones, Whispering Smith, John Henry—men cast in dramatic roles played against the churn and roar of flanged iron wheels, against the grieving wail of lonely whistles that once echoed from trestles long since crossed. Such men have become legend. Let us add another to this list of legend. His name was Fogarty.

The saga of John Fogarty does not consist of a lone thunderous exploit of destruction like Casey Jones. Fogarty's story is altogether constructive, of many acts of courage, and of kindness, for John Fogarty was a strong man and a kindly man, the kind of man who brought restraint to the American frontier, a steady, unyielding, and unrelenting restraint, until this frontier knew discipline and law.

He approached every problem of his life in much the same manner as when, being a handsome broth of an Irish lad, he was having a shave in a Dodge City barbershop. A hard case from the Texas plains, huge, hairy, and rough, entered the tonsorial parlor. Finding all the barbers busy, the Texan summarily seized young Fogarty and dragged him out of the chair.

The Texan aimed his .45 at the astonished Fogarty, informing him that age came before beauty, then lay back in comfort awaiting the barber's hot towels. Fogarty removed the barber's apron, carefully wiped the remaining lather from his face, and left the shop.

A few minutes later he returned with his own gun. This time it was Fogarty who jerked the hairy intruder out of the chair and did the gun pointing, but he was

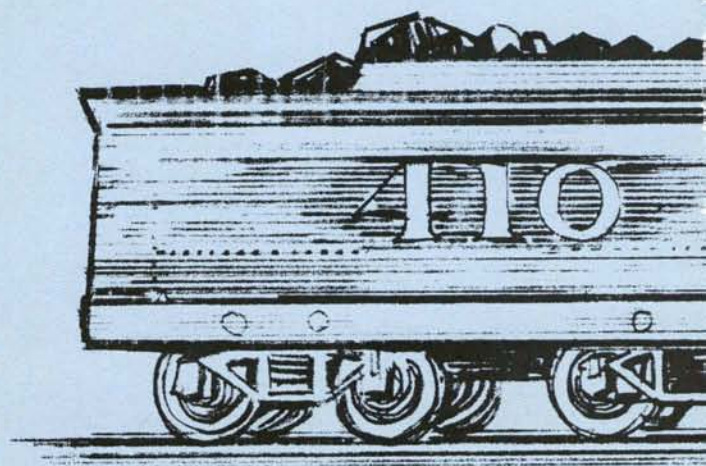
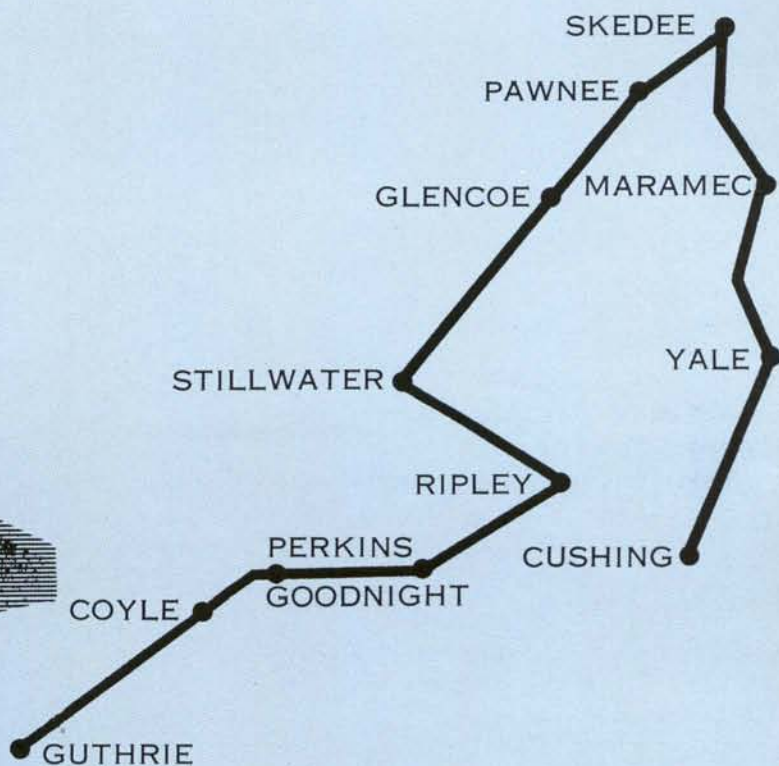
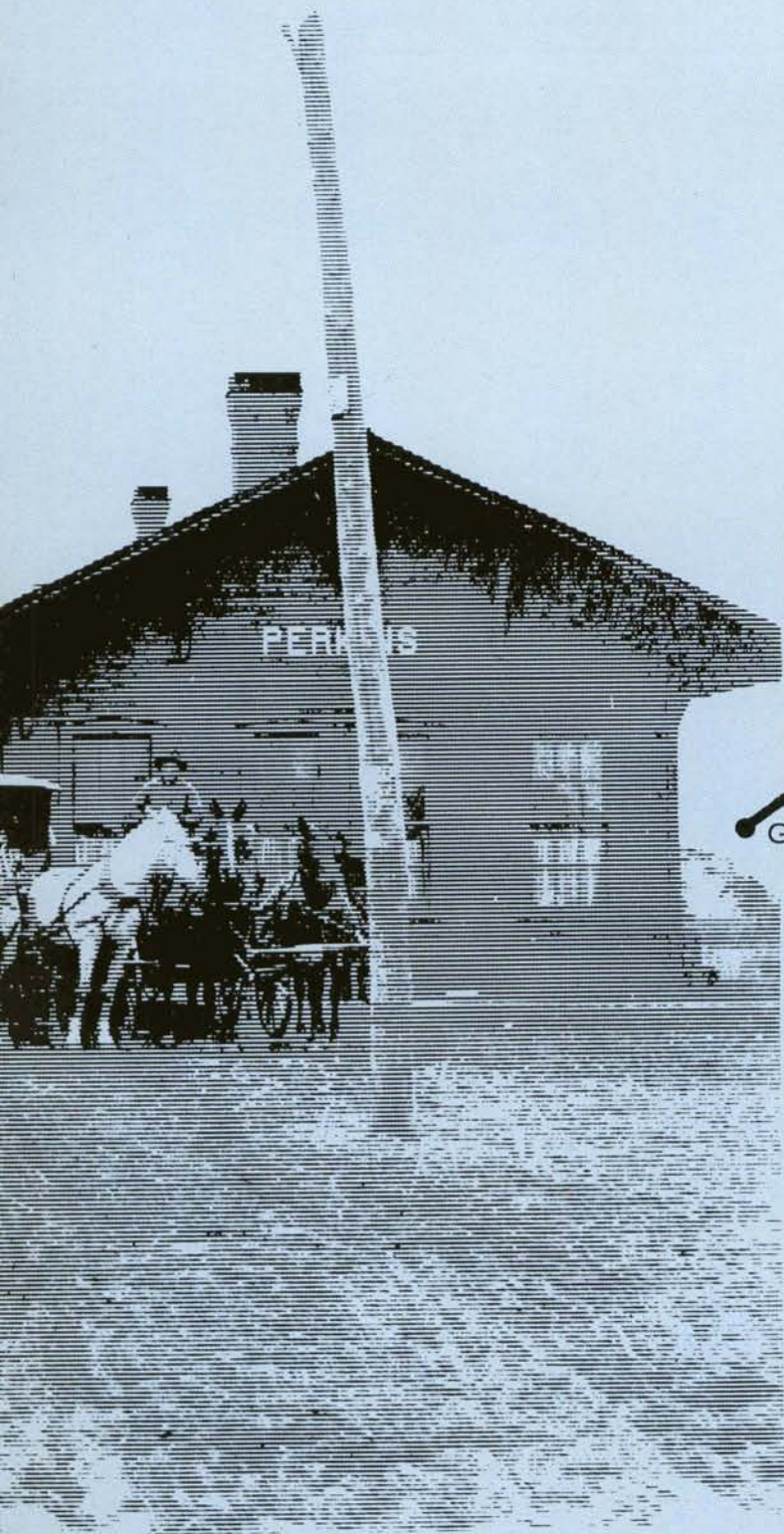
The "Four-Hundred and Fogarty" with a full head of steam pausing momentarily at the depot in Perkins, a town born in the Run of '89, then the home of legendary gun-fighter Pistol Pete Frank Eaton.

HUNDRED AND FOGARTY

BY BILL BURCHARDT



GUTHRIE·COYLE·GOODNIGHT



PERKINS·RIPLEY·STILLWATER

more thorough. He forced the Texan to stand, in frothing frustration, and observe, while the barber patiently completed Fogarty's shave.

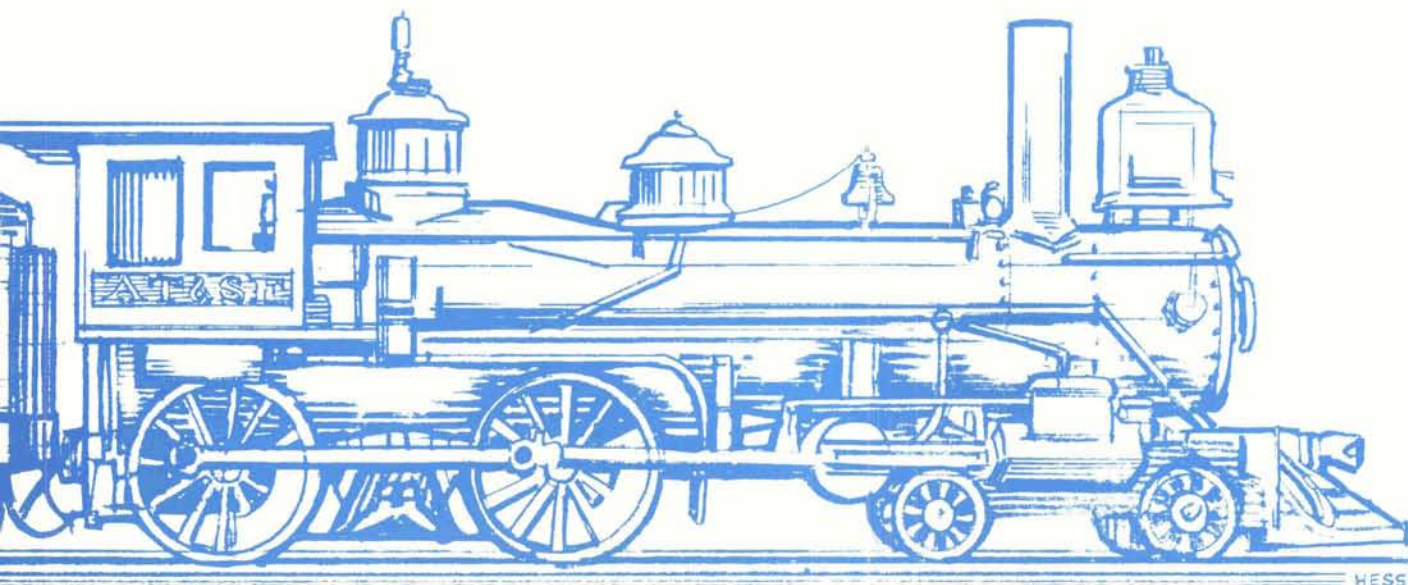
John Fogarty was a conductor for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. His train was the old No. 410, but to the patrons along its circular run it was known as the "Four-hundred and Fogarty". It departed Guthrie at 5:00 P.M. every day, then ran eastward through Coyle, Perkins and Goodnight to Ripley, north through Stillwater, Glencoe and Pawnee to Skedee, then back south through Maramec and Yale to Cushing. Here it tied up for the night. The next morning it retraced this same circuitous route back to Guthrie.

John Fogarty went to work for the Santa Fe in 1880 as a section hand. During the next fourteen years he was successively, an engine wiper, fireman, brakeman, then conductor. He took charge of No. 410 in 1905. It was his train for the rest of his life. He "never drew a

paycheck from any road but the Santa Fe."

The eighteen years of the Four Hundred and Fogarty were exciting years. Oklahoma was a brawling youth. During those years of transition from territory to statehood, Fogarty's train made its daily run through the country that hatched Bill Doolin's gang, and hard on their heels an oil rush that produced more wealth than all the gold rushes in America combined.

Fogarty's passengers were cowhands as rough and ready as his earlier Dodge City antagonist, plus the roughnecks, tankies and roustabouts of the oil boomtowns. His passengers were also the men who made millions from oil; C. B. Shaffer whose Wheeler No. 1 opened the Cushing Field in 1912; Tom Slick, the wildcatter whose income passed twenty million dollars per year; E. W. Marland, who became governor of Oklahoma; "Josh" Cosden, who came moneyless but genius driven from Maryland, who climbed the social



GLENCOE · PAWNEE · SKEDEE

Santa Fe timetable dated Feb. 5, 1905, the first of the historic years of the "Four-Hundred and Fogarty."

heights to entertain the Prince of Wales, and whose name still adorns refineries in the Odessa-Midland Field. Jake Hamon, Major Gordon "Pawnee Bill" Lilly, John Ringling of circus fame, C. B. Wrightsman whose son became president of Standard Oil of Kansas, and Harry Sinclair, founder of the Sinclair Oil Company, were all regular passengers on John Fogarty's No. 410

Though it was not these, but little known folk whom time has forgotten, that made John Fogarty's name legend. The family at the crossing near Glencoe for whom Mr. Fogarty always tossed an evening paper off the thundering train. The youngsters waiting there would give Mr. Fogarty a friendly wave, pick up the paper and run for home. For farmers along the route who lived a long way from station stops, Mr. Fogarty would stop the train anywhere out in the country, when there were few passengers on board, to let them off at the spot nearest their home.

Mothers would put a child on the train saying, "Please put my boy off at Guthrie, Mr. Fogarty," and go their way securely knowing that lad would be safely watched. Old timers along the line met the train daily just to say "How d'ye do, Mr. Fogarty," and set their watches by the train's punctual arrival.

A little, elderly lady sat quietly resting in her seat one evening as the train approached Goodnight station.

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Branches

Oklahoma Branch.

410 Ex.Su	Mls.	Table 58	409 Ex.Su
PM			AM
5.00	.0	Lv. Guthrie 31.68	Ar 8.40
5.32	13.5	" Pleasant Valley	" 8.09
5.46	18.2	" Coyle	" 7.58
f 5.56	33.5	" Goodnight	f 7.45
6.12	30.0	" Perkins	" 7.32
f 6.20	34.6	Lv. Cottingham	Ar f 7.22
6.34	40.0	Ar. Ripley 59.60	Lv 7.10
		Ar. Cushing 59.60	Lv
6.41	42.3	Lv. Mehan	Ar 7.05
7.00	50.4	" Stillwater	" 6.47
f 7.16	57.4	" Yost	f 6.32
7.30	62.4	" Glencoe	" 5.20
7.55	73.5	Lv. Pawnee	Ar 5.55
8.20	81.9	Ar. Skedee 60	Lv 5.30
PM			AM

Mr. Fogarty entered the coach to announce the station, and called out loudly, several times as he passed through the car, "Goodnight! Goodnight!" As he passed the little old lady's seat she replied, "Goodnight t'ye, sir, and I wish ye well."

All the episodes were not so quiet. One afternoon four drunken cowpunchers boarded Fogarty's train. They reeled through the aisle yelling and singing. Conductor Fogarty admonished them to sit and be quiet, that they were disturbing other passengers. The train pulled out, but the conductor's advice went unheeded. He returned to warn them that they must behave or get off. For an answer he got raucous laughter and a hooting demand as to "who in the — — is going to put us off?" Fogarty drew his pistol as he pulled the bell rope,

and the train ground to a halt.

"Get off and don't lose any time," said Fogarty.

Four chagrined punchers stared at the blue steel gun barrel, at the equally blue steel of Fogarty's eyes, then got up and meekly marched off the train. They had been thrown off the iron horse, and a long long way from town.

During the oil boom, two tankies boarded the train one night at Pawnee. When the conductor came to take tickets, one of the tankies pointed a gun at Fogarty's nose and informed him that this was their ticket. They had caught the conductor unarmed. He departed, and returned with a sawed-off shotgun. The tankies coughed

MARAMEC · YALE · CUSHING

Conductor Fogarty, overcome with emotion, boutonniere and jacket pocket filled with flowers from admirers.



and a chorus answered, 'He's all right!' Women who couldn't pass him their bouquets tossed them. Mr. Fogarty smiled in a stunned sort of way for a while and then he broke down and cried like a child."

John Fogarty passed on to his reward July 23, 1923. Part of what we have written here came from the memories of Uncle Dick Dickinson, engineer of the locomotive that pulled Conductor Fogarty's train during the 1890's. When Uncle Dick became too old to work, John Fogarty took him into his home. The old engineer lived the rest of his life with the Fogarty family.

Across the street from the old Fogarty home in Guthrie stands Fogarty Junior High School, named for the conductor of the Santa Fe's historic No. 410; which should be a

matter of considerable pride to every youth who attends that school, for it is named in honor of a great railroader, a courageous and kindly man for youth to emulate.

THE END

up their fares. When the Four Hundred and Fogarty reached Yale they were put off the train, turned over to the law, and incarcerated in the Yale pokey.

The finest of the tales of the Four Hundred and Fogarty came in the later years, when Mr. Fogarty was hospitalized. Word spread along the route that he might not return. The train crew answered daily, anxious inquiries all along the way as to "how is Mr. Fogarty getting along?"

At last came a day when he began to improve, and finally his crew was able to spread the word that the much beloved conductor was going to return. It is unlikely that the whole history of railroading ever saw a day quite like the one on which John Fogarty returned to his run. We have an eye-witness account of that day from the Four Hundred and Fogarty's brakeman.

"Crowds were at the station, to meet the train at Coyle, Perkins, Maramec, Yale, Glencoe, and Cushing. Men pressed around to shake his hand. Women gave him flowers. People who couldn't get close shouted greetings. The biggest crowd was at Stillwater, and there the town band was out. The train had to stand there for about fifteen minutes for transfer of baggage, mail and express. Throughout that time the band played and people made themselves hoarse yelling 'Hello, Mr. Fogarty! Glad you're back, If the band stopped playing for a minute somebody bellowed. 'What's the matter with Fogarty?'

AROUND the turn of the century a young man named Samuel Roberts Noble left upstate New York and came to Indian Territory. He traveled from settlement to settlement, selling pots and pans from a covered wagon. He later established a hardware business in Ardmore and although he never became wealthy, he was known throughout the area as an open-handed and charitable man.

Today his memorial, the Samuel Roberts Noble Foundation, Inc., stands on a hill two miles east of Ardmore.

In a complex of red brick buildings 65 men and women are engaged in administrative work, doing basic medical research with emphasis on cancer, or helping farmers and ranchers to obtain maximum economic production from their land.

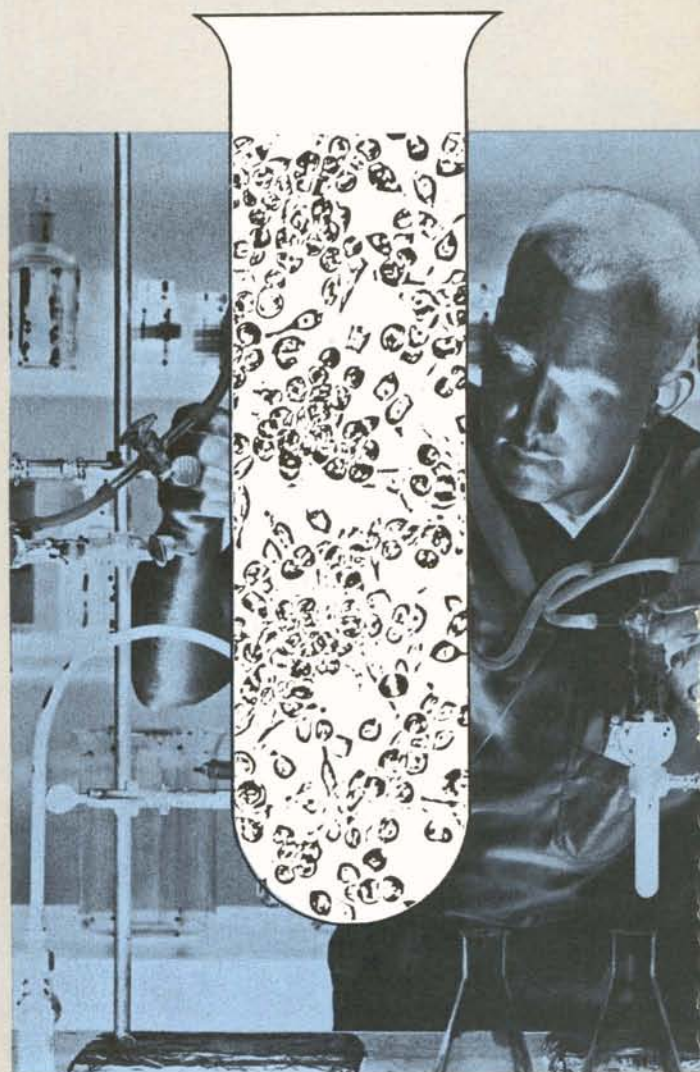
Their accomplishments include:—creation of a system for the massive growth of cells for use in medical research work:—origination of a unique plan for all phases of farm operation:—development of Elbon rye, a new winter grain which spells money in the bank to farmers from Canada to Mexico.

The foundation was organized in 1945 by the pioneer's son, Lloyd Noble, who amassed a fortune in the oil business. The annual budget of the foundation varies between \$800,000 and \$1,000,000, with approximately two-thirds of the amount going to the Biomedical Division and the remainder to the Agricultural Division.

Noble endowed the foundation and since his death in 1950, his family and business associates have continued to give financial support to Noble's philanthropic ideals through a variety of business interests, whose profits go to the foundation.

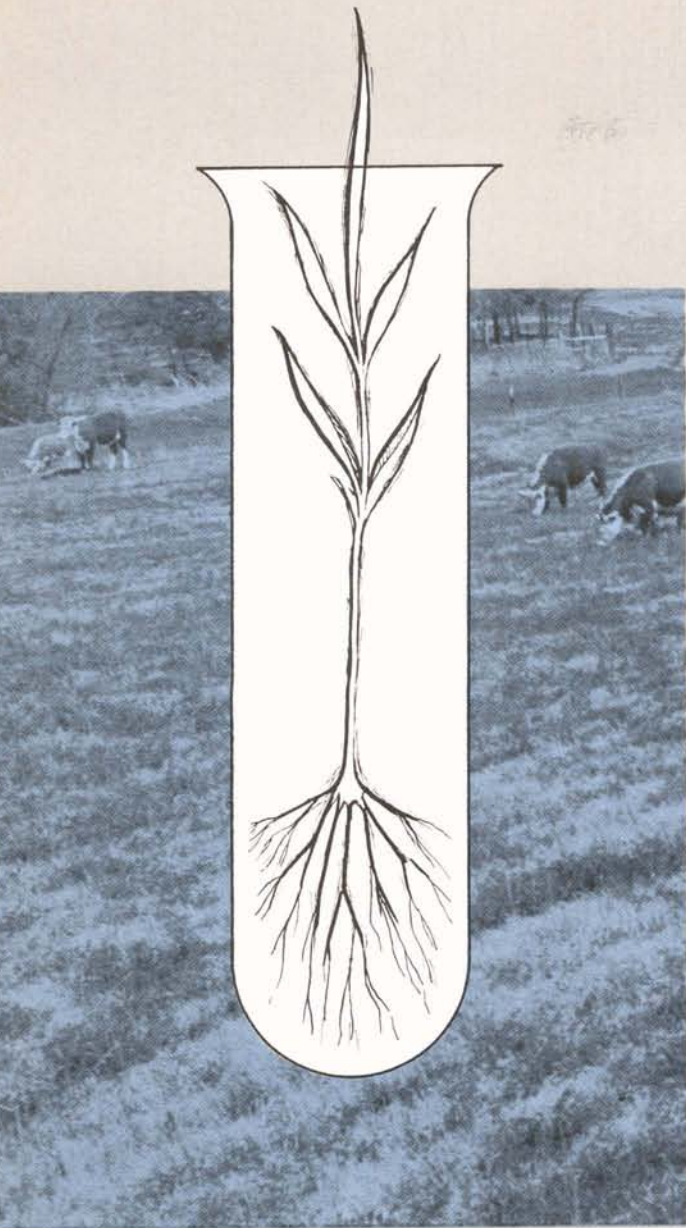
After serving in the navy in World War I, Noble attended the University of Oklahoma where he formed a partnership in well drilling with A. O. Olson. The partnership was dissolved in 1930 and Noble organized the Noble Drilling Corp., Tulsa, which operates in 16 states in the mid-continent area. He also formed Samedan Oil Corp., Ardmore, naming it for his three oldest children, Sam, Ed and Ann.

Ann is now the wife of an Oklahoma City orthopedic surgeon. Sam remained in Ardmore as president of Samedan. Proceeds from Noble's estate went into diversi-



KEEPING A

BY ELIZABETH STUBLER



fied investments which include a multi-million dollar shopping center in Atlanta, Ga., Lenox Square, Inc., developed and directed by Ed. All three serve on the foundation's seven-member board of trustees.

Heading the foundation as president is James E. Thompson. Born in Missouri, Thompson came to Oklahoma as a child. He attended the University of Oklahoma for two years, received a law degree from the University of Texas, and practiced law in Muskogee from 1939 until he went to Tulsa as an attorney for the Noble Drilling Corp. He moved to Ardmore in 1946 as administrative assistant to Noble, whom he remembers with great affection and respect.

"It's almost impossible to describe Lloyd Noble," Thompson smiled. "He was a rugged individualist, a man of tremendous energy. He had no patience with foolish mistakes. If I left a light on in the office all night, I would be bawled out about it. But if I invested several thousand dollars in an oil lease that turned out to be dry, that would be all right—it was an honest mistake in judgment."

"It was his belief that the human family had three basic problems: selfishness, lack of understanding, and fear," Thompson recalls.

Noble felt a moral obligation to use his wealth to help his fellow man. Born and raised in an agricultural environment, he was convinced that men of the soil could achieve a measure of security and happiness not found by many persons in a rapidly expanding industrial age.

Thus, the foundation's first program was designed to develop a balanced agricultural program in south central Oklahoma. Out of this early agricultural work grew the other important facet, basic medical research.

Noble became interested in the relationship between the fertility of soils and human and animal nutrition. Could proper nutrition contribute to longevity and freedom from degenerative diseases?

"We worked two years and got a lot of data, but we couldn't interpret it in terms of human health, because of the great lack of information at the basic level," says Dr. Thomas A. McCoy, director of the Biomedical Division. "Our interest in longevity and the causes of degenerative diseases led us to basic research in which we could study how cells grow."

Since then the Biomedical Division has carried on

REAM ALIVE

research which can be applied to cancer. It is also applicable to other degenerative diseases.

"There are two types of medical research," Dr. McCoy explains. "One is clinical. Its aim is early diagnosis, treatment and cures. The other, in which we are engaged, is fundamental and is more concerned with causes—in other words, what goes on.

"About 85 per cent of the money available for medical research is spent for clinical research. But if you don't know what causes cancer, you don't have much hope of curing it. That's one reason we decided to go into basic research.

"We approach it, essentially, from three standpoints—pre-cancer studies, in which we try to find out what happens prior to the time a malignancy can be detected; tissue culture studies, to determine how the tumor itself grows, and, finally, the systemic effects of the tumor, meaning how it affects the other organs of the body."

The work for which McCoy and his associates have received the greatest acclaim is the development of a glass helix perfusion chamber for massive growth of cells. McCoy sketched the plans for the apparatus on a napkin one day while having coffee in the foundation cafeteria. The first chamber was produced at a cost of only \$200.

A number of techniques for *in vitro* (in glass) growth of animal cells had previously been developed, but it was a slow process, and the available techniques could not be used for all types of cells.

For example, the Jensen sarcoma cells apparently require a solid surface to which they adhere before any extensive growth occurs. Freshly excised Jensen sarcoma cells from laboratory rats are now being cultivated in the helix perfusion chamber. Growth is luxuriant and masses of tissue are clearly visible to the naked eye. This system is readily applicable for massive growth of cells which cannot proliferate in free suspension.

"Now we have plenty of material to work with in our tissue culture studies," McCoy says enthusiastically. "I recently returned from California where I helped personnel at the City of Hope Hospital adapt our system to their needs. A number of virologists have asked us about the process. One of my friends, a navy doctor, is very interested in using the system in the treatment of massive burns. It might be possible to work up a skin

bank, similar to an eye bank, for use in navy hospitals. The benefits of our fundamental research are certainly not limited to the problem of cancer."

McCoy entered the biomedical field quite literally by accident. He planned to be a physician and took pre-med courses at the University of Oklahoma, receiving a BS degree in zoology in 1942. While serving with a tank destroyer outfit during the war, his back was broken in a jeep accident.

He spent two years in hospitals and, to while away the time, read a great deal. One of the books he read was a text on medical biochemistry by Dr. Mark Everett, now dean of the OU School of Medicine, and it set him on the path to a career in biochemical research. After McCoy began work at the foundation in 1947, he was encouraged by Noble to return to OU to get his doctor's degree in chemistry, which he received in 1949.

McCoy and his research group have written more than 100 papers which have appeared in major scientific journals. Their publications bring requests for reprints and information from scientists and doctors all over the world.

Closer home, and close to the hearts of many Oklahomans, is the work done in the foundation's Agricultural Division headed by Ray O. Dyer and assistant director Dr. Roy A. Chessmore.

Through the Farm Management Plan, the 14 members of their close-knit crew have brought a better life to more than 200 farm families in eight counties in southern Oklahoma—Johnston, Love, Marshall, Murray, Garvin, Stephens, Jefferson and Carter.

Dyer, a graduate of Oklahoma State University, was a county agent before becoming one of the foundation's first employees. Chessmore attended OSU and did graduate work at Nebraska, coming to the foundation in 1952.

Chessmore is the father of Elbon rye, the new winter grain which provides high protein forage crop for stocker-feeder programs. It produces more fall and winter growth than any other small grain.

Since Chessmore is too modest to brag about his achievement, Dyer does it for him: "In 1952 I could have held all the Elbon rye seed there was in my two hands," Dyer said. "This year it was a million dollar crop and there were over 2½ million pounds for seed. It's being

A Glass Helix Perfusion Chamber for Massive Growth of Cells *in vitro*. (27164)

THOMAS A. MCCOY, WILBUR WHITTLE AND EUGENE CONWAY
Biomedical Division, The Noble Foundation, Ardmore, Okla.

A number of technics for *in vitro* growth of animal cells have been developed. These may be classified into 2 general categories, namely cultures in which the medium is replaced at definite time intervals, and cultures in which a portion of the medium is continuously replaced by perfusion. Perfusion systems such as those developed by Graff and McCarty(1,2) seem to have an added advantage in that the cells are not alternately exposed to feeding and fasting periods. While

ple the effluent medium as often as necessary without running the risk of chance contamination.

The effluent orifice is placed in the sample reservoir so the chamber and reservoir contain 40 ml of medium when the column is filled with helices. Another sample orifice is placed immediately below the fritted glass disc of the cell column which can be used for introduction of radioisotopes or any other test compounds.

This paper published in an international scientific journal reports a completed experiment by members of the Noble Foundation research group; a successful new method of cell growth.

widely used in 13 southeastern states and seed has been sent as far as Mexico and Canada."

Both Dyer and Chessmore are highly respected for their records in agricultural research. But the success of their Farm Management Plan isn't based entirely on brains. They have an important asset—a genuine love of people—and the only thing friendlier than this pair is a basketful of beagle pups. Their innate courtesy and kindness are important in their work, for you can't change a man's way of life unless he both respects and likes you.

Their method, carried out on Unit Demonstration Farms in the eight counties, is new. They cooperate with state and national agricultural agencies, but no other agency has developed a complete and unified plan for all phases of farm operation which emphasizes a continuing follow-up program.

This is no subsidy scheme. The man chosen as a Unit Demonstration Farmer doesn't receive one red cent from the foundation. What he gets is a Farm Plan Book, a detailed master plan custom-fitted to his individual needs and desires, plus the benefit of a follow-up program in which he participates as long as he wishes.

"We don't go out and solicit people to take part," Chessmore said. "And we don't choose according to financial status, that's for sure.

"A family must have a unit that has the potential of providing a decent living. We require that the farmers keep records and that they be willing to share information with their neighbors," Chessmore added. "If they're selfish, we don't care to work with them."

"The people we select are respected members of the neighborhood," Dyer explained. "The farm operation and soil should be representative of other farms in the area and farming should be the main source of income."

"We don't require that the families have children," Chessmore noted, "but it sure helps."

"Yes," Dyer chimed in, "when there's a birth in the family, we celebrate right along with them. We're god-fathers to quite a few now!"

The Farm Management Plan is the third phase of the foundation's agricultural program. In the early days, the foundation sponsored contests in which prizes were given to farmers and ranchers who produced better crops or

restored worn out land to grass. From 1950 to 1958 the foundation used experimental farms with varied soil types to prove what proper treatment and good management could do.

Now the Agricultural Division teams are taking the results of their research and field experiments and helping people put them into actual practice on individual farms. Results have been dramatic. A check of the production and economic progress of one Unit Demonstration Farm, comparing figures for 1958 and 1963, shows that the farmer's net income jumped from \$1,117 to \$9,480. He increased the number of his stocker calves from 46 to 255, his bushels of grain from less than 1,000 to 3,600, his acres of pecans from 20 to 80 and the number of productive acres in his farm from 135 to 195.

When a farmer is chosen to participate in the program, a team from the Agricultural Division visits his place. On the team are specialists in soils, crops, livestock and horticulture. A complete inventory of the farm is taken. Everything is noted, from number of livestock and crops grown to work habits of the family. All fields are thoroughly sampled for testing at the foundation's well-equipped agricultural laboratory.

As the team begins to develop a master plan for the Unit Demonstration Farm, there are consultations with the owner. Many things are taken into consideration—rainfall for the area, soil capabilities, livestock and equipment, the farmer's financial resources. (One bonus of the program is that area bankers are glad to make loans to Unit Demonstration Farmers.)

The results of the careful study are found in the red-covered Farm Plan Book, a big loose-leaf notebook which is a detailed guide to better management. It contains sections on all phases of the farm's operation, an individually tailored pasture calendar, record sheets, and a month-by-month reminder sheet called a work calendar.

A typical work calendar for January lists 23 items, including "clear trees from orchard; plow garden; apply manure and make garden plan for coming year; construct pond near barn; rotate cattle on Elbon rye fields; apply lime to Fields 7, 9 and 10."

Doyle and Ann Huffines have completed their second

continued on page 28

PRACTICES, COSTS, PRODUCTION AND INCOME

ON Jim Conrad Farm 19 61-62 Field No. 17

A typical field record sheet from a Noble Foundation Farm Plan Book showing field number, the recommended crops and fertilizer practices, then in the last column, actual performance and cost per acre.

<u>14 Acres</u>	Planned	Actual <u>10 acres</u>
Crop	<u>Elbon rye, Annual ryegrass + button clover</u>	<u>Elbon, Vetch, ryegrass</u>
Land Preparation		
Plowing date	<u>June - July</u>	<u>Sept 11 - 11 1/2 hrs.</u>
Disking date	<u>July - Aug.</u>	<u>Sept. 14 - 4 1/2 hrs.</u>
Other <u>Harrow or drag</u>	<u>Aug - Sept.</u>	
Total cost per acre	<u>\$4.00 to 5.00</u>	<u>\$1.94</u>
Fertilizer		
Kind	<u>16-48-0</u>	<u>16-48-0</u>
Pounds per acre	<u>75 to 100</u>	<u>95 lbs.</u>
Method of application	<u>Band near seed when planting</u>	<u>Banded near seed</u>
Date of application	<u>Aug - Sept.</u>	
Cost per acre	<u>\$4.20 to 5.60</u>	<u>\$5.32</u>
Seed	<u>Elbon rye 207 90 lbs.</u>	<u>92 lbs. Elbon rye</u>

GOLF

OUR ALL-SEASON SPORT

BY WILBUR JOHNSON

FEATURING THE OKLAHOMA COURSES
ON WHICH NATIONAL TOURNAMENTS
HAVE BEEN PLAYED ...

TULSA COUNTRY CLUB GOLF COURSE
... Oklahoma's golf courses are the out-
of-doors at its finest—mother nature with
a stylish hair-do and a modish gown—
providing you stay on the fairway! But
a hook or a slice into the rough and the
rocks and she can show a very evil dis-
position, and bring out the worst in yours.

COLOR PHOTO BY PAUL E. LEFEBVRE



GOLF

If you were to tell an out-of-stater that Oklahoma has now been host to all but two of the major national tournaments of the United States Golf Association (USGA) and the Professional Golfers' Association (PGA) he might challenge the statement. When one realizes that this is one of the youngest of the states, it does seem incredible, but it is true. Here is the list, their sites, and winners.

1935—PGA Championship, Twin Hills Country Club, Oklahoma City. Won by Johnny Revolta, 5 and 4 over Tommy Armour.

1946 — USGA Women's Championship, Southern Hills Country Club, Tulsa. Won by Babe Didrikson Zaharias, 11 and 9 over Clara Sherman.

1953—USGA Men's Amateur Championship, Oklahoma City Golf and Country Club. Won by Gene Littler over Dale Morey, 1 up.

1953—USGA Junior Boys' Championship, Southern Hills. Won by Rex Baxter Jr., over George Warren, III, 2 and 1.

1958—USGA Men's Championship, Southern Hills. Won by Tommy Bolt with 72-hole score of 283.

1960—USGA Women's Amateur Championship, Tulsa Country Club. Won by JoAnne Gunderson over Jean Ashley, 6 and 5.

1960—USGA Junior Girls' Championship, The Oaks Country Club, Tulsa. Won by Carol Sorenson over Sharon Fladoos, 2 and 1.

1961—USGA Men's Senior Championship, Southern Hills. Won by Dexter Daniels over Col. William Lanman, 2 and 1.

The only competitions missing from Oklahoma's top tournament roster are the USGA Women's Open Championship and National Public Links event. Many other tournaments, in addition to those here listed, have been played in Soonerland. The Western, Trans-Mississippi and Southern Golf Associations have all held tournaments in Oklahoma.

Oklahoma City was a pioneer in men's professional golf, sponsoring the four open tournaments from 1926 through 1929. PGA tournaments were held at Twin Hills in 1956, '59, and '60, and at Quail Creek Country Club in '62 and '63.

Ardmore's Dornick Hills sponsored three PGA tournaments from 1952 through 1954, plus a ladies PGA competition in 1954. The Muskogee Country Club was the scene of LPGA events in 1962 and '63. The ladies also contested at Oklahoma City's Lincoln Park a few years ago.

The 1965 USGA Amateur Championship will be played at Southern Hills in Tulsa. Club member John M. Winters there has served two terms as president of the United States Golf Association.

Golf's popularity in Oklahoma can be partially attributed to the fact that it is a year around all-season sport here. In 1954 there were only nine days on which no round of golf was played at the Oklahoma City Golf and Country Club; in 1953—twelve days; in 1952—thirteen days, etc. In 1945, 17,183 rounds of golf were played at the Club. The game's popularity has since almost doubled; 34,059 rounds were played in 1962—an average of 93.31 per day, compared to 47.1 in 1945.

In all, there are 117 regulation golf courses, and two par 3 courses, in Oklahoma. Of these, 31 are 18-hole courses, and 86 are 9-hole courses. There are 54 private golf courses in the state, 32 semi-private courses and 32 municipal courses.

Each of our State Park Lodges has a popular, Floyd Farley designed, golf course.

Interest in junior golf is booming, certainly indicating continued future growth. There were 513 young golfers

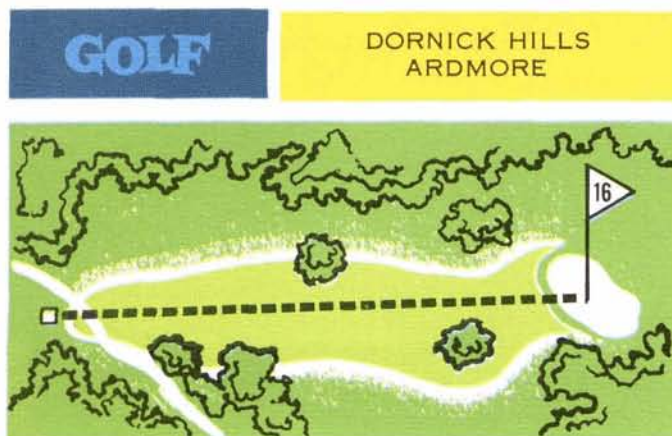
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QUARTZ MOUNTAINS AND ICE... Despite the picturesque ice piled up along the shoreline, the sun will be pleasantly warm this day, a fine brisk day for hiking, sight-seeing, or a round of golf on the scenic course at Quartz Mountain State Park where this photo was made.

COLOR PHOTO BY BOB TAYLOR



entered in this past summer's South-Central Junior PGA Tournament at Oklahoma City's Lincoln Park.



"Exacting"—sometimes to the point of exasperation—is probably the best way to analyze the Dornick Hills Country Club's golf course in the foothills of the Arbuckle Mountains of Southern Oklahoma near Ardmore.

Actually, Dornick Hills can be classified as a "dream" course—the dream of Perry Maxwell, who gave up tennis and banking to become one of the country's foremost golf architects. Maxwell, who died in 1952, laid out Dornick Hills in 1913 and then went on to design and remodel some 75 courses, including some of the nation's outstanding championship layouts.

Many contend that Maxwell's first building job was his best, perhaps because he blended his vivid imagination into the naturalness of the hilly, rocky country.

Dornick Hills proved its exactness when its par of 70 became a stalking monster to some of the nation's best players in Waco and Opie Turner's three Ardmore Opens in 1952-53-54. Dave Douglas and Julius Boros fortunately shot 72-hole scores of 279—one under par—to win in 1952 and 1954, but Earl Stewart, Jr., had to

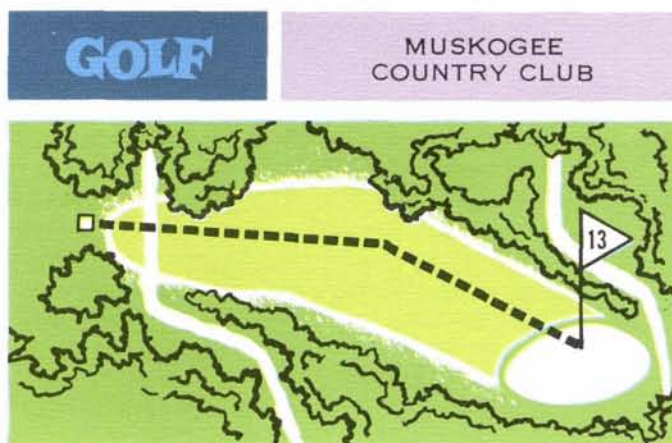
settle for a two-over-par 282 in 1953.

There are only two par 5 holes and they are seldom reached in two shots. Fourteen holes lend themselves to double bogies because of well-placed hazards and out-of-bounds possibilities. Distance is no great problem since the course plays to only 6,483 yards from the back tees.

One of the famous holes in the country is the 16th. It is known as the cliff hole or more affectionately as "Old Stoneface". It stretches 533 yards with a par of 5. A long hitter can reach the green in two but such an accomplishment is rare.

A 40-foot solid rock cliff protects the green and many a third and fourth, and fifth, shot bounces off it and right back to the player. There are out-of-bounds areas some 15 or 20 yards behind the cup-shaped green which require shots to be well lofted in order to hold. One pro, Bill Jelliffe, took 19 strokes on the hole during one of the tournaments.

One of the lowest scores ever recorded was a 63 by Charlie Coe, two-time National Amateur Champion, who learned how to play at Dornick Hills. Roberto DeVicenzo fashioned a 65 in the first round of the Ardmore Open in 1952.



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MILLSTREAM REDBUD . . . Spring is the season of delight, for golf, for anything, for everything. This scene of gentle beauty is just upstream from historic Biting Springs Mill, which began grinding grain for Cherokee people in the 1860's.

COLOR PHOTO BY JESSE BREWER



And when a golfer steps onto the Muskogee Country Club's first tee, he can readily observe that its beautiful hill country setting provides perfect terrain for a tempting round over an historic layout.

The course cannot be described as "real tough" nor can it be termed "easy". It has enough challenging holes to make it every bit a championship test from the back tees.

The Muskogee Country Club began its existence on March 10, 1903, as the Muskogee Town and Country Club—strictly a social organization. At first, the club was located on the outskirts of Fort Gibson where it occupied two buildings. In the summer of 1907, the membership bought the 100-acre site where the club is now located, and started a 9-hole course with sand greens.

In 1911, it was enlarged to 18-holes. Then, in 1924, the course was re-designed by the late Perry Maxwell and bermuda greens replaced sand. The change to the smoother-putting bent grass was made in 1936.

An active, enthusiastic membership has sponsored numerous state and regional tournaments. The club attained national prestige by promoting two Ladies Professional Golf Association tournaments in 1962 and 1963. The tournaments were in the form of a tribute to Beth Stone, daughter of club members Mr. and Mrs. John L. Stone, who turned professional after a successful amateur career.

If a golfer had to use one word to describe his round over the course it would have to be "pleasureable". It has enough length to test the fairway woods and long irons of the average player, deceptive doglegs demanding position off the tee, strategically placed sand traps, trees, lakes and ditches and several straightaway holes that can produce easy pars.

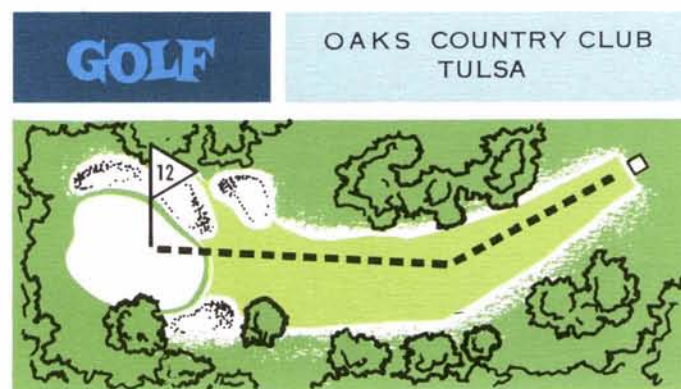
On a spring day last year young Bobby Dickson, Oklahoma State University golfer, watched his ball travel a straight and true route to a fantastic score of 59—lowest ever shot on a championship course.

Dickson's card showed nine birdies and an eagle,

adding up to 28-31-59 compared with par of 36-34-70 over 6,410 yards from the regular tees. The competitive course record of 63 was shot by Raymond Gafford, Fort Worth, Texas pro from the championship tees which stretch the course out to 6,665 yards.

Club pro Ben Dickson, Jr., is deservedly proud of the course "It has all the necessities and refinements of a championship course, but it also has the right ingredients for enjoyable golf for our members and guests," he states.

Dickson, after much analysis, selected the 13th hole as his choice for the "best" on the course, taking into consideration its design, toughness, and need for pinpoint accuracy. The hole measures 445 yards, through a slightly uphill dogleg, from a tee that requires an "out-of-the-chute" drive under two huge trees. A thick rough to the left will catch hooked second shots, usually calling for a wood or long iron by the average player and a medium iron by the better players.



"With the tees back, this can be the toughest course in the state." That's the way Marion Askew describes the Oaks Country Club course, where he has been professional for 25 years.

Huge clusters of sturdy oak trees strategically adorn the beautiful, well-conditioned course. It's very easy

continued on next page

DRIFTWOOD AND SUN . . . "In a dry and thirsty land", the picturesque sand dunes of Little Sahara State Park. "Where no water is" doesn't apply. The wide and historic Cimarron drifts lazily by here, and yonderly against the horizon is a green oasis.

COLOR PHOTO BY PAUL E. LEFEBVRE



to get close to nature on this course, but the price is high in the form of a mounting score if one's ball becomes entangled in the wooded wilderness.

The Oaks stretches out over 6,609 yards from the championship tees, and plays to par of 36-35-71. Through the years, this standard has withstood the challenges of some of the nation's best players. Two professionals—Jack and Frank Higgins—and two amateurs—John Allen and Lynn Gold—share the record with 6-under-par 65's. Gold achieved his score in the State Amateur Championship, last July.

The course has the necessary variety to provide interesting golfing for even the most demanding of links patrons. A lake provides added attraction, creating a hazard from off-the-tee of the 10th hole. There are 47 sand traps, with 23 on the front nine, and 24 on the back side.

Askew says the 12th hole is regarded as the best and most natural hole. It is a slight dogleg to the right, with trees galore on both sides. The green is elevated, there are two large sand traps on the right, and another to the left. It's a 408-yarder with par of 4.

Oaks Pro Marion Askew points out that the 423-yard fifth hole, par 4, is generally accepted as the toughest on the course. It is a dogleg to the left, well guarded by trees, and uphill all the way.

A profusion of sand traps—big ones—sky high trees, deviously designed doglegs and pretty lakes that can become ball gobbling monsters . . . These characteristics, blended with finely tuned grass on fairways and natural rolling greens, provide the makeup of the Oklahoma City Golf and Country Club's championship course.

It's a golfing delight to wend around the twisting layout in quest of an elusive par, because of the course's continual superb condition. A bad shot can be quickly forgotten because of the pleasant surroundings.

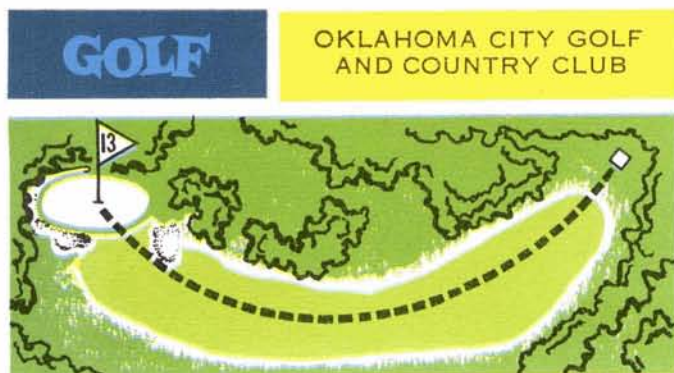
The club obtained its present property in fashionable Nichols Hills in 1929 and has remained a city showplace. Its crowning achievement came in 1953 when it was host to the 53rd Amateur Championship of the United States Golf Association. It was won by Gene Littler, catapulting him into a profitable pro career.

Such nationally-rated tournaments as the Trans-Mississippi, Western Amateur and Women's Western Open have been contested over the course. It's the home of Charlie Coe. Coe's accomplishments are legend but fellow club members never tire of reciting and recalling his shot executions during friendly rounds. It was on one of those occasions that Coe carded a seemingly impossible 12 under par 59—one of the lowest scores ever shot on a course so highly rated.

The best competitive scores include a 63 by Gus Moreland in 1932 when the course played to par 70, and 64 by Ken Rogers over the present layout which plays to par 35-36-71 over 6,852 yards from the championship tees. Grace Lencyzk shot a 66 in winning medalist honors in the 1949 Women's Western Open.

The course has one of the most unusual holes in the country. The 631-yard 13th is designed in a half-circle and is considered a difficult par 5. It's known as the "half-moon" hole, confronting the golfer with the task of keeping his ball to the left on the first two or three shots for position to shoot into a sharply contoured green. The right of the hole is lined with deep ditches and tall trees. A shot hit over the green also winds up in a ditch while sand traps to the right and left present

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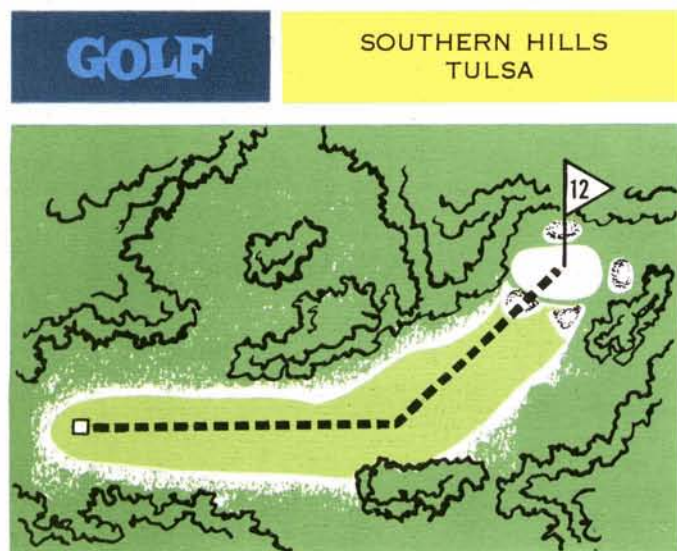


BEYOND CEDAR LAKE . . . Autumn, southeast, in the Kiamichis, the Jackforks, the Winding Stairs, is never failingly beautiful, with chill mist-laden mornings, sun warmed noontides, and quiet, contemplative evenings when sounds carry far and darkness comes quickly. This stream flows through Cedar Lake near Heavener.

COLOR PHOTO BY BOB TAYLOR



other approach problems.



The Southern Hills Country Club's elite layout in Tulsa early in its career gained the reputation as one of the outstanding courses in the Southwest.

Built in the mid-thirties, changes made when the club was awarded the United States Golf Association's Open Championship in 1958, have made it an even greater course. Its prestige is national in scope.

Southern Hills is a big, strong course and it takes bold, superior golf to master its standard par of 71 on nines of par 35 and par 36, over 6,879 yards. For the Open Championship, the course played to par of 35-35-70 at 6,907 yards.

This immaculate golfing expanse proved itself a course of championship caliber during that USGA classic. Temperamental Tommy Bolt managed to keep his temper and game under control during the gruelling 72-hole test, but still couldn't beat par, winding up three strokes

over, at 283.

A unique part of Southern Hills' history is that it has had only one professional—Bill Wotherspoon. Bill is proud of the fact that he's the head man at a course that requires a complete golfer to conquer it—not a wedge shot artist nor a "putting fool".

It is indeed difficult to select the best or toughest hole at Southern Hills, but most experts, including Ben Hogan, agree that the 12th rates that distinction.

The hole plays 465 yards from the championship tee, and is a par 4. A right-to-left tee shot is ideal, but too much hook will find rough and trees. A straight away drive, or slight fade, is the percentage way to play the hole.

A long iron or wood is required for the second shot, and it must be extremely accurate, because bunkers protect the front and left of the green, while a water hazard dips off to the right front. A poor second shot easily results in a double bogey.



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MOUNTAIN STORM... A blue norther blows in, bringing snow. Low hanging clouds shroud the Wichita Mountain tops. But the longhorn cattle graze the luxuriant prairie grass as calmly as on a summer day. Perhaps they know the storm will pass and the snow will disappear, likely before sundown.

COLOR PHOTO BY JESSE BREWER



It's common talk that the Tulsa Country Club has the "golfingest" members of any club in Oklahoma—and perhaps, per capita, in the United States.

Such a situation is readily understandable. The club's beautiful well-groomed championship course is only 1½ miles from downtown Tulsa, something like a five-minute drive.

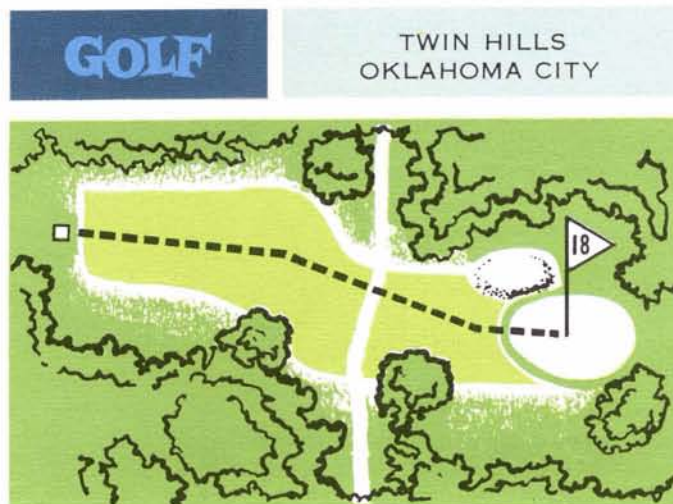
The club was organized in 1904 with a 9-hole sand greens course on an 80-acre site. The present 18-hole course was designed in 1909 by A. W. Tillinghast, famous New York architect, and is one of plush fairways, true-putting greens, and deceptiveness. It plays to par of 35-36-71 over 6,240 yards of rolling terrain, doglegs, dotted with trees, and water.

The club has many better-than-average players, in the good hands of pro Johnny Palmer, famed big money winner on the pro circuit.

"This is an unusual golf course," says pro Johnny Palmer. "On the face of it, it appears easy, but it fools you. You keep thinking someone will tear it apart, but that hasn't happened and I don't think it will. For one thing, the distance is deceiving. There is very little roll. The fairways are pretty narrow on some holes, and the rough is always tough."

Palmer selects the 10th hole as the toughest. It's a 430-yard par 4, which demands a tee shot placement to the right of the fairway for an open shot to a small hogback green. A hooked tee shot winds up behind a huge tree, blocking a straight entrance to the green. If the tee shot is pushed far to the right it stops in the midst of more trees. For many, it takes two wood shots to reach the green.

The course record is 64, and is shared by seven players; Walter Emery, Logan Van Zandt, Jim Kennedy, George Von Elm, Skee Riegel, Bill McPartland and Bob Inman. Jeannie Thompson, 1962 Trans-Mississippi champion holds the women's record with a 70. A climax in Tulsa Country Club history was the USGA Women's Amateur Championship played there in 1960—the winner, JoAnne Gunderson.



A double-bitted axe should be standard equipment for golfers playing the Twin Hills Country Club course—especially the first time around. A single blade hatchet might suffice if one plays there regularly. And a shovel would come in handy.

This is just a way of saying that Twin Hills probably has more trees and traps per acre than any course in Oklahoma—or most anywhere for that matter. It is not to say that the course is without refinements or that it is an unfair test. All of its characteristics add up to a stern challenge, par 35-36-71. Its fairways are rather narrow but lush—its greens not extra large but undulated, placing a premium on putting.

Twin Hills is a fairly short course, measuring only 6,467 yards from the back markers. However, it has been stretched out another 200 yards or so to minimize the par-breaking habits of the long-hitting touring pros who have performed in several Oklahoma City Open Tournaments.

The course is loaded with scenic holes—some of them extremely difficult to par. Pro Ed Gauntt says it is the

general opinion that the 18th hole is probably the toughest and possibly one of the best finishing holes in the state.

It plays 433 yards to a par 4. The fairway leads slightly downhill to a big ditch. Then it's uphill all the way to the green protected by a huge sand trap to the left. An out-of-bounds area to the right sets up the possibility of penalty strokes.

The tee shot must be played to the right of the fairway. One hit to the left leaves little chance of reaching the green on the second shot—usually a long iron or wood for the average player. Because acute accuracy is a necessity, many players resort to an iron off the tee, feeling they have a better chance for a par although a longer second shot is required.

Twin Hills was designed by Perry Maxwell in the early 1920's for Dorset Carter Sr. It is now a private club.

Twin Hills jumped into big time golf in its infant years as host to the National PGA Championship in 1935, having already entertained the Western Amateur in 1934. Many state and sectional events have since been held there, establishing the club as one receptive to tournaments.

The pros took a crack at Twin Hills in 1956, 1959, and 1960, and par withstood a wholesale beating. The winning scores of 279 by Fred Hawkins and 273 by Arnold Palmer and Gene Littler were to be expected because of the caliber of players competing. END



Wilbur Johnson, author of our article on Oklahoma's all-season sport, golf, is himself an amateur golfer of championship caliber who knows whereof he speaks. He was recently one of twenty-seven amateurs across the nation to participate in the "Beat Bing" playoffs at the Tucson National Golf Club. He competed in Class "A" and won second, thus qualifying to compete in Bing Crosby's Annual Tournament at Pebble Beach, California. Crosby, Bob Hope, and numerous other celebrities will compete at Pebble Beach, where each amateur is paired with a pro, the proceeds of the tournament to be added to the several millions of dollars it has already contributed to the Bing Crosby Youth Fund.



The Mourning Cloak, one of the wide variety of lovely butterflies often seen here, is known in Europe as the Camberwell Beauty.

Small things of beauty are often overlooked, or receive only small attention. Almost anyone can discern beauty in the grand magnificence of a sunset, a mountain scene, a panorama of landscape; but many things minuscule, small creatures of beauty, go unseen or overlooked. Some of these creatures are useful, all are decorative. Bess Taylor, of Cordell, is especially adept at observing, and photographing, them.

This colorful black and orange fellow makes his habitat where brightly blooming wild flowers provide a setting into which he readily blends.



This handsome representative of the beetle family, though seldom made welcome, makes crop-damaging cutworms a part of his diet.



This beautiful water insect is a destroyer of flies and mosquitos. Dragonflies of many color combinations frequent our lakesides, ponds, and streams.



The busy hum and stitch of the Cicada is a comfortable, lulling sound that sews our summer afternoons together.



More than twenty species of swallowtail butterflies decorate our flower beds, gardens, and fields of wild flowers. This is the Black Swallowtail.



Jan. 3	Northeastern vs. Central State (basketball) ... TAHLEQUAH
Jan. 3-27	Pymblett A&M vs. Phillips Univ. (basketball) ... ENID
Jan. 3-Feb. 13	Art Exhibit, Edson Collection, OU ... NORMAN
Jan. 3	Art Exhibit, John Paul Jones Proff. OJ ... NORMAN
Jan. 4	East Central vs. Central State (basketball) ... ADA
Jan. 4	OU vs. Kansas State (wrestling) ... NORMAN
Jan. 4	OU vs. Kansas (basketball) ... NORMAN
Jan. 4	Northeastern State vs. Phillips Univ. (basketball) ... ENID
Jan. 5	Faculty Recital, OJ ... NORMAN
Jan. 6	OSU vs. Kansas (basketball) ... STILLWATER
Jan. 7	Eudice Shapers, Violinet, Symphony ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Jan. 8-Feb. 7	"Cut on a Hot Tin Roof," Mummies ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Jan. 9	TU vs. North Texas State (basketball) ... TULSA
Jan. 10	OU vs. OSU (wrestling) ... NORMAN
Jan. 10	Pymblett A&M vs. Central State (basketball) ... GOODWELL
Jan. 10	Southwestern State at Phillips Univ. (basketball) ... ENID
Jan. 11	TU vs. Wichita (basketball) ... TULSA
Jan. 11	Northeastern vs. Central State (basketball) ... ALVA
Jan. 11	OSU at Phillips Univ. (basketball) ... ENID
Jan. 11	OU vs. OSU (basketball) ... NORMAN
Jan. 12	Frederick Lack & Albert Hersh, Concerttime ... TULSA
Jan. 13	Leslie Forness, Violinet, Philharmonic ... TULSA
Jan. 13	OSU vs. Kansas State (basketball) ... STILLWATER
Jan. 14	Vida Chenoweth, Mandolin ... ENID
Jan. 14	Ballet Folklorico de Mexico ... TULSA
Jan. 15	Ballet Folklorico de Mexico ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Jan. 17	Frontiers of Science Symposium ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Jan. 17	Southwestern at Central State (basketball) ... DURANT
Jan. 18	OSU vs. Central State (basketball) ... SHAWNEE
Jan. 18	OU vs. Michigan State (wrestling) ... NORMAN
Jan. 20	Kenneth Smith, Violinet ... TULSA
Jan. 21	Mary Costa, Soprano, Symphony ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Jan. 23-29	Oklahoma Press Association ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Jan. 24	Western Heritage Awards, with Fred Waring
Jan. 24	North Texas State vs. Central State (basketball) ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Jan. 25	East Central vs. Central State (basketball) ... EDMOND
Jan. 25	TU vs. Arkansas (basketball) ... TULSA
Jan. 27	OU vs. Kansas State (basketball) ... NORMAN
Jan. 27	Ralph Vilsack, pianist, Philharmonic ... TULSA
Jan. 27	OSU Heavy Dances ... STILLWATER
Jan. 28	Phillips Univ. vs. Central State (basketball) ... EDMOND
Jan. 29	TU vs. Missouri (basketball) ... TULSA
Jan. 30	OSU vs. Colorado (wrestling) ... STILLWATER
Jan. 30-Feb. 1	"The Cave Dwellers," OSU Theatre Guild ... STILLWATER
Jan. 30-Feb. 1	High School Basketball Tournament, CSC ... EDMOND
Jan. 31	OU vs. Colorado State (wrestling) ... NORMAN
Feb. 1	TU vs. Cincinnati (basketball) ... TULSA
Feb. 1	OSU vs. Iowa State (basketball) ... STILLWATER
Feb. 1	OU vs. Colorado (basketball) ... NORMAN
Feb. 1-29	Art Exhibit, 19th Cen. Am. Landscape Drawing ... NORMAN
Feb. 2	Billiard String Quartet ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Feb. 2	Chamber Music Concert, OU ... NORMAN
Feb. 3	OSU vs. Colorado (basketball) ... STILLWATER
Feb. 3	Dallas Symphony ... ENID
Feb. 3	OU vs. Iowa State (basketball) ... NORMAN
Feb. 4	John Ogdon, Pianist, Symphony ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Feb. 5-7	"Five Finger Exercise," University Playhouse ... NORMAN
Feb. 7	Bandstand, U.S.A. ... PONCA CITY
Feb. 7	Central State at Phillips Univ. (basketball) ... ENID
Feb. 8	All State Concert, OU ... NORMAN
Feb. 8	Southwestern at Phillips Univ. (basketball) ... ENID
Feb. 8	OSU vs. OU (wrestling) ... STILLWATER
Feb. 8	Langston vs. Central State (basketball) ... LANGSTON
Feb. 8	TU vs. Loyola (basketball) ... TULSA
Feb. 9	OU Band Concert ... NORMAN
Feb. 10	First Chair String Musicians, Philharmonic ... TULSA
Feb. 12-Mar. 2	"The Chick Garden," Mummies ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Feb. 13	Oklahoma City Symphony ... STILLWATER
Feb. 13	TU vs. Bradley (basketball) ... TULSA
Feb. 13-16	Sports, Travel & Boat Show ... TULSA
Feb. 14	Pymblett A&M vs. Central State (basketball) ... EDMOND
Feb. 14	OSU vs. Northwestern (wrestling) ... STILLWATER
Feb. 14-20	Art Exhibit, U.S. Navy Paintings ... NORMAN
Feb. 15	TU vs. Drake (basketball) ... TULSA
Feb. 15	OU vs. Northwestern (wrestling) ... NORMAN
Feb. 15	Northeastern vs. Central State (basketball) ... EDMOND
Feb. 17	OU vs. Bradley (basketball) ... NORMAN
Feb. 17-21	OSU Business & Professional Week ... STILLWATER
Feb. 18	Langston vs. Central State (basketball) ... EDMOND
Feb. 18	James Lardo, Violinet, Symphony ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Feb. 19	Smoots, Brothers, OSU ... STILLWATER
Feb. 20	TU vs. St. Louis (basketball) ... TULSA
Feb. 20-22	OU Opera Theater ... NORMAN
Feb. 21	OU vs. Missouri (basketball) ... NORMAN
Feb. 21	Northeastern at Phillips Univ. (basketball) ... ENID
Feb. 21-22	High School Speech Tournament, CSC ... EDMOND
Feb. 22	OU vs. Wyoming (wrestling) ... NORMAN
Feb. 22	East Central at Phillips Univ. (basketball) ... ENID
Feb. 22	OSU vs. Missouri (basketball) ... STILLWATER
Feb. 22	Southwestern vs. Central State (basketball) ... WEATHERFORD
Feb. 24	TU vs. Centenary (basketball) ... TULSA
Feb. 24	Gary Graftman, pianist, Philharmonic ... TULSA
Feb. 25-27	State Highway Conference ... STILLWATER
Feb. 28	Budget String Quartet ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Feb. 28	Vanna Boyd, Choir ... TULSA
Feb. 27-29	OSU Varsity Review ... STILLWATER
Feb. 28	OSU vs. Colorado State (wrestling) ... STILLWATER
Feb. 28	Fred Waring ... TULSA
Feb. 29	Chicago Opera Ballet ... TULSA
Feb. 29	OU vs. Colorado State Univ. (wrestling) ... NORMAN
Feb. 29	OSU vs. Nebraska (basketball) ... STILLWATER
Mar. 1	OU Symphony Orchestra ... NORMAN
Mar. 1	Original Cast Ent. OSU ... STILLWATER
Mar. 1-4	OSU Religious Emphasis Week ... STILLWATER
Mar. 2	OU vs. Nebraska (basketball) ... NORMAN
Mar. 3	Royal Womping Ballet ... PONCA CITY
Mar. 3	Whittemore & Lowe, Duo-Pianists, Symphony ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Mar. 3-5	O.E. Clubs of America Leadership Conference ... OKLA. CITY
Mar. 4	Roger Wagner Choral, OSU ... STILLWATER
Mar. 5-7	High School Wrestling Championships, OSU ... STILLWATER
Mar. 6-7	Future Teachers Assn. OSU ... STILLWATER
Mar. 7-9	"Antony," OSU Theatre Guild ... STILLWATER
Mar. 6-10	4-H & FFA Livestock Show ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Mar. 7	OU vs. Iowa State (wrestling) ... NORMAN
Mar. 7-30	Art Exhibit, Young Talent at OJ, OJ ... NORMAN
Mar. 9	Luac Stern, Violinet, Philharmonic ... TULSA
Mar. 9	OU vs. Colorado (wrestling) ... NORMAN
Mar. 9	OSU vs. OU (basketball) ... STILLWATER
Mar. 9-13	Editors Short Course, OSU ... STILLWATER
Mar. 10	OSU vs. Colorado (wrestling) ... STILLWATER
Mar. 10	Modern Dance Concert, OSU ... STILLWATER
Mar. 11-13	"Othello," University Playhouse ... NORMAN
Mar. 11-Apr. 5	"Twelve Angry Men," Mummies ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Mar. 12	OSU Band Concert ... STILLWATER
Mar. 12-14	"Lucia de Lammermoor," Tulsa Opera ... TULSA
Mar. 13-14	Big Eight Wrestling Championship ... STILLWATER
Mar. 13-14	Science Fair ... EDMOND
Mar. 14	St. Patrick's Ball, OSU ... STILLWATER
Mar. 15	OU Band Concert ... NORMAN
Mar. 15-17	Ramsey Lewis, Trio, OU ... NORMAN
Mar. 15-20	Oklahoma Civil Defense, OSU ... STILLWATER
Mar. 17	Paul Diktor, Violinet, Symphony ... OKLAHOMA CITY
Mar. 17	OSU Symphony Orchestra Concert ... STILLWATER
Mar. 17-22	Sports, Boat & Travel Show ... TULSA
Mar. 19	Frederick & Jody Foster, Duo-pianists, OSU ... STILLWATER
Mar. 19	OU Choral Concert ... NORMAN
Mar. 20-21	Musikfest Concert, Philharmonic ... TULSA
Mar. 21	Parade of Quartets ... TULSA
Mar. 21	Tucson Boys' Choir ... PONCA CITY
Mar. 23	Lisa della Cica, soprano, Philharmonic ... TULSA
Mar. 24	University Chorus ... ENID
Mar. 24	Oklahoma City Symphony ... TULSA
Mar. 25	Symphonic Band Concert ... TULSA
Mar. 30	Faculty Recital, OU ... NORMAN
Mar. 30-Apr. 4	Shrine Circus ... TULSA
Mar. 31	Norman Paula, Violinet, Symphony ... OKLAHOMA CITY

JESS URKLE SAYS:

Jess Urkle reports that their banker took off for South America the other day with his cute secretary and \$100,000 of the bank's money, which created quite a problem. They're having a little trouble finding a replacement to teach the guy's Sunday school class.

Jess Urkle's wife, Oona, is still pretty puny. She accidentally swallowed a spoon while drinking coffee the other day, and is barely able to stir around a little.

The doctor told Jess he hated to mention it, but the check Jess gave him had come back. "Ain't that a coincidence?" Jess replied, "so has my lumbago."

Jess Urkle don't like to complain about the wind here but he reports that he stepped out in the yard the other day with a cup of coffee in his hand, and right away it had black caps on it.

The Urkles' wedding anniversary was last week, and Jess gave Oona a 144-piece matched dinner set—a box of toothpicks.

Jess Urkle has a friend who is a rich Indian, and last week the old fellow's twin boys were accepted for membership in the Lake Hefner Yacht Club. The old chief had always wanted to see his red sons in the sail set.

After 21 years of marriage to the same woman, Jess has learned two things about the feminine intellect: "just because" is a perfectly valid excuse, and "oh, you know" is a logical explanation.

The Outer Space and Dealer's Choice Discussion Club is studying a resolution to repanel the club's restroom in natural birch. Jess is opposed . . . he figures somebody will want to rename the club and call it the Birch John Society.

Political campaigns are fraught with danger, says Jess. The other day he accepted what he thought was a piece of campaign literature from a smiling stranger and it turned out to be a summons for jury duty.

Jess's oldest boy is looking for a girl who will love him for just what he is—broke.

Jess has it figured that the smartest way to own a car is to trade every two years. And he's mighty proud he hasn't missed a monthly payment since 1946.

Jess thought he was going to get a pretty good price for his used car the other day until the dealer walked around it three times, tugged thoughtfully at his ear, and says "How much does it weigh?"

● We are not sure that Jess Urkle is a real person. Seems the only person who has ever seen Urkle is Edmond newspaper editor H. C. Neal. What is more, Urkle never seems to communicate with anyone but Neal. Which has forced us to the conclusion that Urkle with his double-barreled typewriter (one barrel loaded with honey, the other with acid) is H. C. Neal's alter ego.

H. C. NEAL *alias* JESS URKLE

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS

- 1 There is no tatoo on the hand of this cigarette smoker.
- 2 Obviously, it is unlikely that he will be apprehended using that "greasy kid stuff."



KEEPING A DREAM ALIVE

year in the farm program. They and their daughters, Pamela, 13, and Pat, 10, live in a comfortable house on 446 acres half-way between Wynnewood and Davis in Murray County.

They became interested in the Farm Management Plan through a neighbor, Herbert Matlock, who had used it to develop an excellent grazing program. Huffines added a similar program to his operation after he received his Farm Plan Book. Every fall he buys 100 head of stocker steers and grazes them on 63 acres of Elbon rye and vetch.

Huffines is an enthusiastic booster of Elbon rye.

"It grows in cold weather, and that's when we really need the pasture," he said. "I got 36 bushels of grain per acre this year, even though I grazed it until March 23."

Ray Dyer and Roy Chessmore are always welcome visitors at the Huffines' home. Doyle arrives from market in the pick-up truck with a load of sheep, which will serve as his clean-up crew. Ann bustles around the big kitchen, frying potatoes and trying to keep an eye on the television newscast in the living room. Pamela and Pat ride in on their new horses, and show Ray and Roy the latest tricks of the wild duck they tamed. Everybody's relaxed and happy, as the Huffines and their friends gather around the dinner table. There never has been any selfishness or lack of understanding in this household.

Now that the Farm Management Plan is firmly established, the Agricultural Division is expanding its long-popular consultation program. Phone calls, letters and personal visits to the office from farmers and ranchers in Oklahoma and Texas bring requests for information covering everything from small problems to almost complete farm plans.

"We're moving more in this direction every day, and it's a good thing, because it means we're reaching more people," Dyer said.

"It's the work with people, the personal contact, that means so much to us," Chessmore added seriously. "I wouldn't go back to full-time research for anything. With this new variety of rye, for instance, if I had stayed in research the results would just be statistics to me. Now I see them as rugs and curtains and refrigerators in farm family homes. And it's not just the new dresses and hairdos and television sets that are important—it's the fact these people have achieved a pride of ownership they've never had before."

Lloyd Noble, as he once predicted, didn't live to see his foundation benefit great numbers of people. But his dream of doing something for his fellow man is a living reality, reflected in the face of a farmer plowing beside the Washita River, and the gleam of interest in the eyes of a doctor in West Berlin as he reads of another advance in the long battle against cancer. Sixty-five men and women working in the Samuel Roberts Noble Foundation at Ardmore have a big job ahead of them—keeping a dream alive.

END

SOONER IN HULALAND

Jack Rhodes, of Oklahoma's Legislative Council recently made a trip to Hawaii. As a friendly gesture he called on the Governor of Hawaii and, lo, what did he behold on the Governor's desk? The current issue of *Oklahoma Today*. We've been telling you that Oklahoma ranks high among the beautiful places on earth. When the Governor of Hawaii will take time from viewing the tropical splendor of his state, to read about and view the beauty of Oklahoma, you wonder how long it is going to take to convince you of the inferiority complex ridden of' Okies that Oklahoma needs bow to no place when it comes to comparing the beauty of terrain and grandeur of land and sky.

THE PAN PRESS — TAHLEQUAH

If this young publishing house continues to publish books of the quality and interest of the two most recent, it will surely grow and prosper. *THE MUSKIE IN TAHLEQUAH* (poetry by *Beth Kramer Felts*) contains many a clever verse. *BELLE STARR* by *Kenneth Scott* is biographical. Scott's wife is Belle's granddaughter, giving him access to family records not available to other biographers. An interesting contradiction; modern biographers usually portray Belle Star as a repulsive old hag, yet cast her as a *femme fatal* who captivated outlaws Jim Reed, Cole Younger, and Sam Starr. The only previous known photo of Belle is most unflattering. Scott's book includes a photo never before published. It is reproduced here, convincing proof that, even without the help today's women receive from modern cosmetology, Belle was most attractive and likely capable of charming any man she chose. Certainly she was never old—the dates carved on her tombstone are 1848-1889.

STARR

FELTS



OKLAHOMA SCRAPBOOK

ON THE WAY UP

We've been featuring young Oklahomans who are making their mark in the entertainment world. Here's O.C.U.'s Dave Black. For Dave, youth means adventure and going places. He accompanied the Surrey Singers on their Pacific tour through Japan, Korea, Okinawa, Formosa, and Guam. Summer before last he attended the University of Hawaii, played at the Waikiki Shell, and at several Hawaiian nite spots. Last summer he put in ten hours daily rehearsing and accompanying O.C.U.'s Lyric Theatre productions *OKLAHOMA!*, *KISS ME KATE*, and *BRIGADOON*. He has traveled as accompanist for Ricky Nelson, Mollie Bee, and Anita Bryant, and worked with a number of southwest dance bands. Never a dull moment for Dave.

BLACK



NEW BOOKS

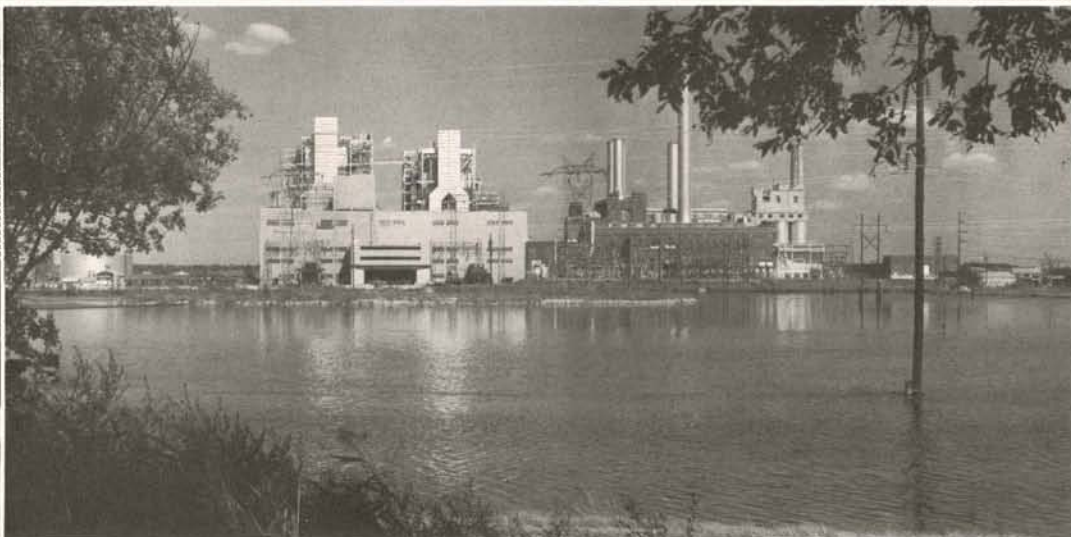
THE KICKAPOOS by A. M. Gibson (OU Press)
You are likely to learn many things new and surprising from Dr. Gibson's book, subtitled *Lords of the Middle Border*. The Kickapoos, who have somehow been largely overlooked by scholars of Indian lore, receive just due here, in this immensely readable account of a proud and warlike people, and their heroic resistance. Virtually indomitable, they still hold to the ways of their forefathers in their remaining settlements in Oklahoma, Kansas and Coahuila, Mex.

GREAT DAY IN THE WEST by Kent Ruth (OU Press). For the Americana enthusiast here is a splendid reference; sketches, paintings, photographs of the Forts, Posts and Rendezvous of the frontier. "Fort Gibson was long a traveler's mecca. Sam Houston arrived in 1829 . . . in 1832 Washington Irving and Charles J. Latrobe found strange scenes and sights . . . in 1843 Nathan Boone (son of Daniel) . . ." Kent Ruth has compiled here the settings of color and conflict from which grew the American West; all twenty-one of the West-of-the-Mississippi states are included.

TEN TIMES THE WORLD'S LARGEST

The new O.G.&E. combined cycle steam turbine—gas turbine generating unit at Horseshoe Lake, Harrah, is not only the largest of its kind in the world but is ten times larger than its nearest counterpart. Upon its recent opening and dedication the national TV program General Electric TRUE, devoted all its commercial time to publicizing this tremendous new power generating installation, and the Oklahoma scene in general.

HORSESHOE LAKE



Among the finest expressions of beauty, among any people in any age, will be found art unrestrained by classic form. These works of beauty come from those who have experienced their environment with a rare and intense understanding, who have been impelled, without formal discipline, to translate intangible into tangible, to give the fleeting a form more permanent, to turn emotion into shape or sound, so that which they have known and felt can be shared by another.

Delbert Davis does not write classic sonnets or odes, but he has much to say of truth and beauty. He came to Oklahoma in a covered wagon when he was six years old. The year: 1889.

His family settled near Mulhall until the Iowa Reservation was opened in 1891. His uncle Jesse Henley made the run, got a claim, and Delbert moved there to live with Uncle Jesse and his wife and four children. When he was nineteen, he completed the 7th grade at a log schoolhouse twenty miles northwest of Chandler. The next winter he went to Stillwater and graduated from the 8th grade.

He then lived and worked in Albuquerque, and later on the Navajo Reservation. He worked as a horse wrangler on ranches in Wyoming. He drove the stagecoach on the run from Rawlins, Wyoming, to Baca, Colorado. On his return to Oklahoma, he got a third grade teacher's certificate and taught for thirteen years.

He has been a farmer, loves the out-of-doors, and teaches the Bible Class at the church he attends in Wellston where he now lives. His verses have caught the wealth of color, the mellowing experiences of all those years most vividly.

To Delbert Davis, the feel of spring rain, the sparkle of the morning sun in a drop of dew, the smell of growing things, the work and play of wild things, have been wonders too precious to be only observed and felt then

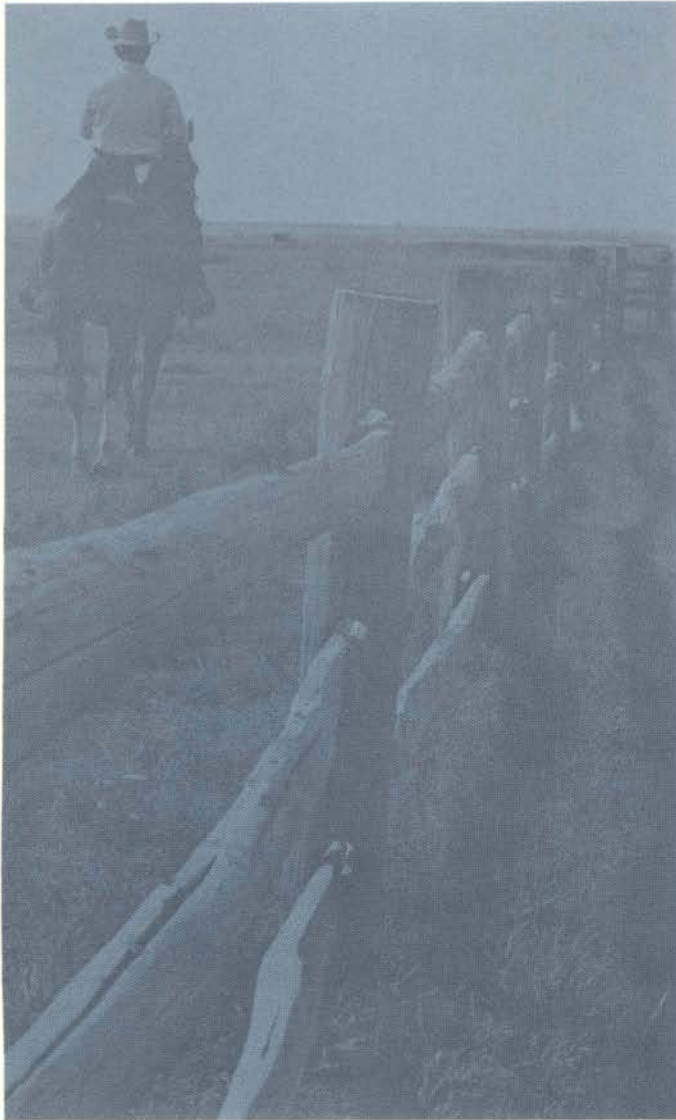
allowed to pass. Here are verses from his *RAINY DAY IN THE WOODS*:

"When the leafy woods are dripping with the cool
and welcome rain
And the water stands in puddles on the ground;
When the creeks begin to gurgle in their channels
once again
And the song birds join in chorus all around.
With an ax upon my shoulder and the ol' dog at
my heels,
'Tis a pleasure to go trampin' thru the woods.
Jest a nosin' into nature and its mysteries that I feel
Might interest me in outdoor solitudes.
The squishin' of the water on the leaves beneath
my boots,
And the patter of the rain upon the grass,
And the swishin' of my slicker makes me feel I'm
in cahoots
With every tree or puddle that I pass."

His philosophy is homely and often rings with biblical truth. Here are verses from his *THE MAGIC OF THE CUPS*:

"It was only a cup of water
That the woman gave at the well
But it quenched the thirst of the Master
So the sacred writings tell.
Not so much the thing that is given
That answers the heart's demand,
But the spirit in which it is offered
That blesses the giver's hand.
We grieve at a friend's indifference
When suddenly we find
We are crushed by an act of kindness
In a world we had thought unkind."

Folk Poetry of



His years on the range have made his writings about ranch life as expressive as the work of Will James. Here is his BRONCHO:

"He races round
The pole corral,
That boy mustang of mine.
Dodges the lassoes,
That I throw
Outsmarts me every time.

Or drags his nose against the ground,
As wise as he is red.
Mid galluping
Stampeding hoofs,
To hide his cagey head.

He loves to snort;
Pretend he's wild
He's learned to dodge the noose,
Cow pony, wise
To every trick,
My little red cayuse.

Too smart to fight
A rope if caught,
And get himself choked down,
He knows how quick
The slithering twine
Can pull him to the ground.

A roping, cutting,
Quarterhorse.
He knows the branding pens
And wheels or cuts
And does his work
As well as any man.

In roping contests
He's an ace
He's champion to the last

continued on next page

Delbert Davis



Runs side by side,
With any calf
That thinks it's wild and fast.

With saddle blankets
Stiff and cold,
Just when you think he won't
He boggs his head
And falls apart
Then, boy, you ride or don't.

Goes nature,
Stays up in the air
Swaps ends with no remorse
He's stacked me
Now and then for fun.
But I love that little horse."

DELBERT DAVIS

In THE RED OUTLAW he tells of an ill-fated attempt to ride a longhorn steer:

"I stood by the gate of the big corral,
Half doubtful and half in fear.
The money was up
And I couldn't back down;
I must ride the big red steer.
He moved, like a captive panther.
As he circled the high stockade,
I knew the boys
Were watchin' me;
Had they guessed I was afraid?
I rode for thrills, on the 'Diamond O' ranch
The worst that was wild and raw
And just to please
The gang today,
I would try that red outlaw.

He rolled his eyes, and tossed his horns,
As they drove him into the chute,
Could I sit tight
For the third wild jump,
When I hung my spurs in that brute?

I pulled down my hat as I slid to his deck
Said, 'Let's Go!' and grabbed for the girth.
He went into action
They bellered, 'Hold on!'
He proceeded to mop up the earth.

He snorted and bawled as he jumped for the moon
And again, when his feet hit the green.
Curled his back like a snake,
Shot ahead and reversed,
Swapped ends and did all that was mean.

I curried his shoulders and spooked his sides
And raked his flanks with my rowls,
I stuck, for the seventh
Wild glamorous jump,
While the crowd went dizzy, with howls.

We cut off connections, somewhere in the air,
And swiftly I took altitude.
As I left, for the wild
Blue yonder, they yelled
'Come down! You are still doin' good.'

Now I wash dishes for three squares a day;
In a chili joint, happy to know
I finished my job,
On the 'Old Diamond O,'
When I rode that longhorn tornado."

His word imagery is often striking. In his poem OKLAHOMA he writes of the oil industry:

"To reach to the earth's deep fissures
As their grinding bits unlock
The power of our mighty engines
From the sands and folded rocks."

Folk Poetry of

In other verses from the same poem, he expresses his love for Oklahoma:

"And there in the waving wheat fields
Through the sunny days of June
The whirling reel of the binders
And the shockers' whistled tunes.
The bobwhite calls from the corn fields
The meadowlark from the wheat
And the mockingbird joins in chorus
With his music wild and sweet.
The dainty pink of the redbud
On a lovely April day
Is a fairy land of blossoms
Our state tree on display."

The flying saucer craze caught Delbert Davis' interest and caused him to take a gentle poke at our national brashness:

"We heard from corner grocery store,
Restaurant and dairy barn,
From city streets and radios,
A wild, fantastic yarn.
Of bold space-riding buccaneers,
Who sailed among the stars,
A million miles perhaps or more
From somewhere out on Mars.
Half man, half wolf, but monsters, all;
Marauders to our world;
As swift descending through the clouds
Their flying saucers whirled.
They came to clutter up our works
And meddle in our wars,
To steal our plans for atom bombs
And blow out all the stars.
But tearing up the Milky Way
By chesty Marrians
Is out of order; such great work
Is for Americans!"

Many will share the expression of A FATHER'S REVERIES:

"I saw her gaze into his eyes,
His eyes; our infant son
A tiny bit of humankind
Whose life had just begun.
I heard her as he older grew
Explain away his fears;
I saw her touch each childish hurt
And kiss away his tears.
The questions which his growing mind
Somehow each day conjured,
She answered. Answered one and all
With patience long endured.
I watched her start him off to school
And smile among her tears—
She was his Queen of hearts always
Throughout his boyhood years."

To express his deepest thoughts, Delbert Davis often returns to the language of the cow country:

"When earth's last roundup is over
And we start on the long, long trail,
When we gather at last, at the river
And gaze, on its shadowy veil,
When we head for the wide open pastures
Up there, will the Great Wagon Boss
Ride down thru the gathering shadows,
To pilot our outfit across?
Let the river roll on as it listeth
Calm, peaceful, or tossing with foam
Or let the dark waters be chilly
What matter—We're all going home
And may the Great Wrangler of nations,
Have all, who shall trust in his word
Safe gathered within the remuda
On the day we ride down to the ford."

Delbert Davis

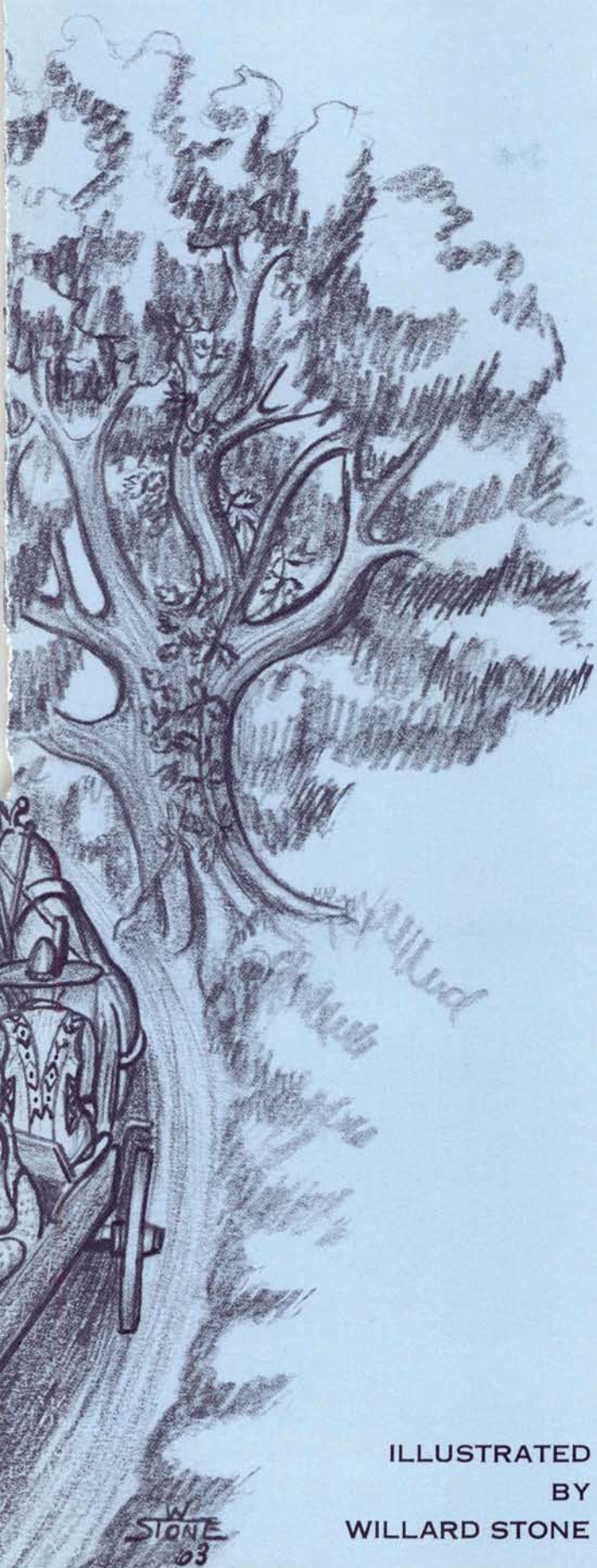
KEE-TOO-WAH

THE
ETERNAL
FIRE

BY MAGGIE CULVER FRY

THIRTY-FOUR





ILLUSTRATED
BY
WILLARD STONE

Possum grapes had ripened and gone. It was the time of red winter apples and a full moon, up on Blackgum Mountain.

Bumping along in Grandpa Buckskin's sturdy wagon, we were bound for the place, high in the Cookson Hills, where the sacred fire of the Keetoowah burned. I don't know why they held one so late that year, although they told me a chief could call one any time.

I sat in the hay-cushioned wagon bed, a clean smelling quilt with a snowy lining tucked around me, as I revelled in my grandmother's story telling, calculated to electrify. A dedicated student of the old time doctor book, she could tell some hair raisers. She had served at the palletside of more than one dying gunman. Doctors, even amateur female ones, were in sore demand.

Beside me was a big tub filled with good things, mounds of hot fried chicken, apple pie, beet pickles, wild Chickasaw plum preserves, fresh butter and homemade bread. My empty stomach was turning flip-flops by the time we reached the clearing where the Keetoowah would hold their rites.

Grandpa found a good place to camp and stopped the team. He lifted his wagon whip and pointed, looking around at me, and back to Grandma.

"Yonder," he said quietly, half to himself, "is the sacred Keetoowah fire."

I saw a mound of earth and rocks about three feet high. Out of the hollowed place in the top, a fire burned slowly, but well, licking out small bright tongues. Being only ten, I was not impressed.

I knew little of the sacred fire coming over the "Trail of Tears" to this resting place high on Blackgum Mountain—this perpetual symbol of spirit and home.

Later I learned how the Cherokees were forced westward by President Andrew Jackson's Indian Removal Bill, of the persecutions inflicted upon them by the State of Georgia, and how the Keetoowah fire came with them.

On the trail, in spite of sickness, weariness, the bone-hurting chore of scooping out frozen, rocky dirt until a grave could be made big enough to bury a wasted old father or a little "chooch", sorrows that destroyed the very purpose for living, the sacred fire was kept burning. Come plague or destruction, the flame received its daily woody ration.

"The sacred fire of the Keetoowah is said to have burned since the morning of creation," Grandpa said. "Keetoowahs are the keepers of Cherokee tradition."

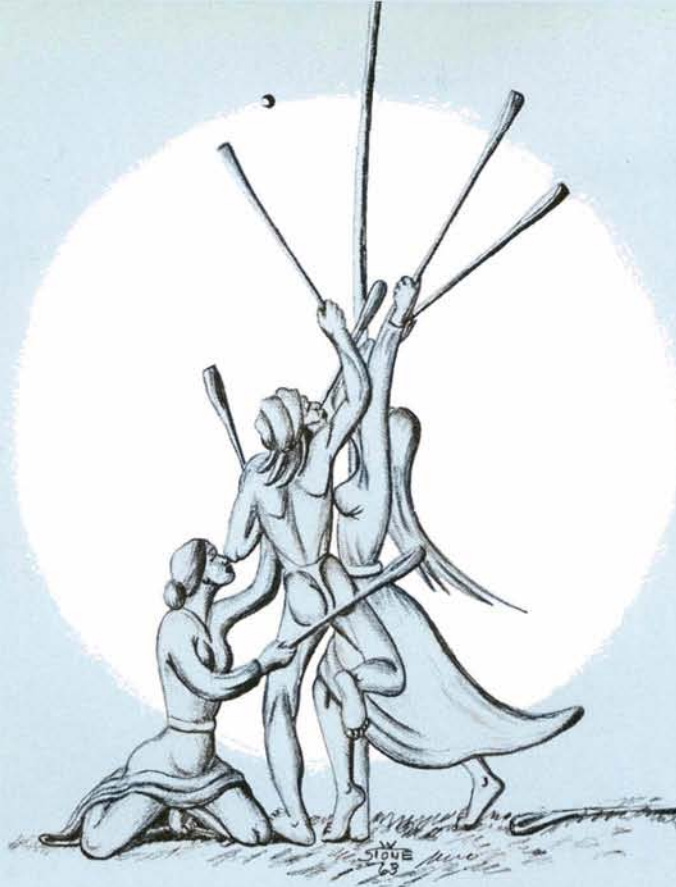
"And they have always believed in one God," Grandma added.

I looked from one face to the other and somehow sensed the solemnity, although I couldn't have put my feelings into thoughts, let alone words. I didn't know much about altars then . . . that to many of these Cherokee people, here was Bethel.

"O-C-O, George Ikinék!" a Cherokee man would call out.

"O-C-O!" my grandfather would return his greeting with a wave of the arm.

Excited men and women were gathered around a towering pole, flailing the air and yelling as they tried



to catch a small object in a little cup each one carried on the end of a stick.

"Indian ball," Grandpa chuckled as we watched the women's full skirt tails flash brightly in the sun as they swirled and swerved toward the little deer hide ball they were trying to capture. Young fellows, as picturesque as Aladdin's genii, in bright red and yellow calico turbans, leaped high, with the grace of cougar lions. Some wore sombreros decorated with a tall feather.

The mouth watering goodness of meat cooking in big iron kettles revived my forgotten appetite. Fresh tenderloin and ham mostly, but there would be other meats, too. Boiled livers and lights, beef, chicken, squirrel . . . there were seven of the iron kettles in all.

"For each of the seven clans," they explained; "just as there are also seven arbors."

These shelters were supported on native sapling poles, thatched with jack-oak leaves and curtained with canvas, like a tent. In some of these the men congregated, and in others, the women. There were rough benches inside to sit on, and the one Grandma took me to had a number of made down pallets. The women were engaged in animated chatter, in Cherokee. I couldn't understand a word. When my grandmother joined them I was left out.

"Where are your shoes?" Grandma said in English as she laughingly took a girl by the arm. Grandmother's Cherokee vocabulary was limited, unlike Grandpa's, who was a court interpreter. The young girl with the amber skin and straight black hair rattled off something with a bashful laugh, and pointed to her shoes, beside her pallet.

In the big pots the aroma was unbearably tantalizing. The meat was all done. There would be stacks of bean

bread, conahane (hominy, thick in its white milky broth), kanutchee (mashed hickory nut kernels, shaped into balls with the outside covered with the dry, cracked hulls), and many other native dishes, as well as "yonaka" food, such as we'd brought in the big tub. All in all, what a feast!

And the night festivities! One moment a silent, rosy tableau, the next, the dance in motion, the participants in a circle, moving to the rhythm of the chant. I sat near the wagon with Grandma a little way off.

"Sook", she said in a low voice, "I want to show you something."

She pointed out a woman alone in the dark, half hidden by one of the wagons. She was putting terrapin shells upon her legs, either with straps or strings, I couldn't tell which.

"The shells are filled with little rocks," Grandma continued; "when she dances around they will rattle. Listen."

Sure enough, there was a soft rattling accompaniment to the sound of the chant, as the women already in the dance wore these shells.

A little Cherokee girl about my size came over from the circle, and to my surprise, she was not at all bashful. She walked straight up to me and said in English, "Come and dance with me."

"Yes, go child," my grandmother encouraged me, while the little girl in the long dress waited, smiling hopefully. "Strangers are always welcomed in the dance," grandmother urged.

But I shook my head, overcome with timidity.

"Yo-ho-lolly-o

"Yo-ho . . .

"Yo-ho-nolly-o

"Yo-ho . . ."

They moved with the pulsing melody rising to the Great Spirit, even as the red sparks from the sacred fire rose upward into the dark. This was a part of the ritual not hidden from the casual eye of the stranger, as well as the Keetoowah *chief's prayer*, uttered by Chief Redbird Smith, in those days.

"O Great Spirit, look down on us this day and receive our humble offering. We give thanks for the blessings of this year, for the food and shelter of our people, and for life. Bless them and watch over them during the year to come. Amen."

A part of the Keetoowah ritual is not for the casual viewer, and Ketoowah who are in the knowing keep what they know secret. Like mystical experiences related by the elders, some things are not for the telling.

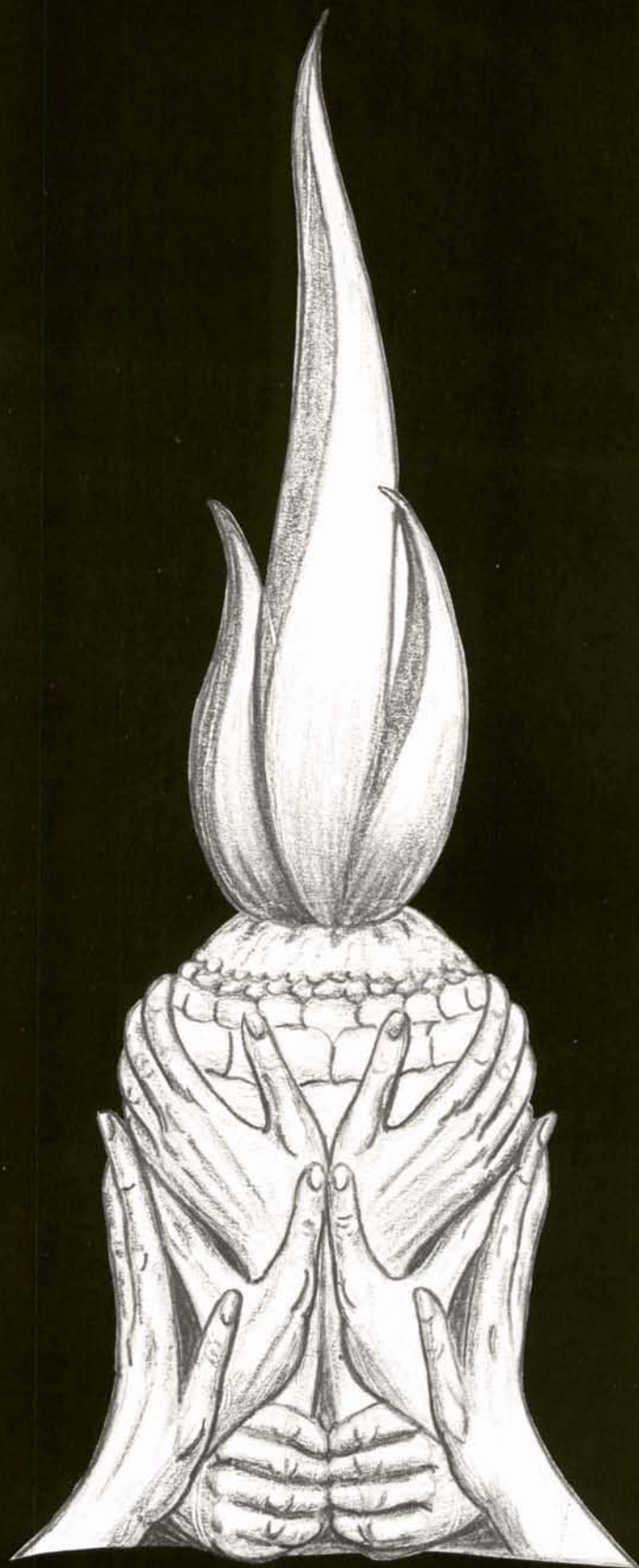
Here were the Nighthawk Keetoowah, the branch that opposed with the strength of their life and breath the changing of their ways. They are there in the Cookson Hills to this day.

My sister went to a ceremonial dance in those hills in July, 1959; the last one she was ever to attend.

"It's changed, Sook," she said a little wistfully, "they serve sandwiches and potato chips, along with the feast. They are more modern now . . ."

We were silent, thinking of old times, of change, but each knowing that, in spite of change, the sacred fire of the Keetoowah will always burn.

END



OUR NEXT
.....
**WORLD'S
FAIR**
SPECIAL
ISSUE